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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXL NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1935 No. 3644

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THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1887, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by the Nation, Inc.
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WITH this issue of *The Nation* its ownership passes to The Nation Fund, Inc., a foundation established by Maurice Wertheim, who has for eleven years been a valued member of its board of directors and one of its most helpful advisers and supporters. The Nation Fund, Inc., is a non-profit-making corporation, thus insuring this journal's future as an independent weekly of free and untrammeled opinion. The present board of editors will remain unchanged, and their present policy and editorial freedom will be maintained. Oswald Garrison Villard will continue his weekly signed articles as contributing editor, and will be a member of the board of directors of The Nation Fund, Inc., which board will also include among others Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, director of the New School for Social Research, and Freda Kirchwey and Joseph Wood Krutch, of the present editorial board. It is our belief that the change means not merely the safeguarding of this historic journal, but also an invigoration of its efforts to make a contribution to the welfare and progress of our American democracy.

THE FAILURE of the Treasury to boost the domestic price of silver a fourth time in response to speculation abroad is a welcome indication that the Administration has at last awakened to the catastrophic possibilities of its silver policy. If it were merely a question of paying a bounty of ten or fifteen million dollars to Western Democrats, the issue would be disturbing but scarcely of world importance. But when the effects of a policy bring disaster to a country of 450,000,000 inhabitants and threaten to disrupt the monetary system of our neighbor to the South, it ceases to be primarily a matter of domestic log-rolling. The Administration claims that its recent actions have been mandatory under the agreement reached at the London Economic Conference and the Silver Purchase Act of 1934. This excuse will not bear close examination. The silver agreement was literally forced upon the London conference by the American delegation, while the Silver Purchase Act was passed at the urgent request of President Roosevelt. There is nothing in the London agreement which commits the United States to the purchase of foreign silver or which compels the government to pay more than the market price for domestic silver. Even the provision in the Silver Purchase Act which specifies that the United States should ultimately maintain one-fourth of its monetary reserves in silver is capable of various interpretations. Instead of buying silver on the world market at inflated values, the United States could attain the specified ratio by disposing of a large share of the eight and a half billion dollars' worth of gold now lying idle in its vaults. Since the maldistribution of gold has been one of the main causes of the depression, such action would have the additional advantage of laying the basis for genuine world recovery.

NO THIRD PARTY was born at Des Moines when only Senator Long of the potential rebel leaders appeared to address the Farm Holiday Association at the invitation of Milo Reno. Father Coughlin changed his mind about accepting; so did Governor Olson, we think wisely. Huey Long entertained the Iowa farmers but had nothing new to say, and the occasion was not one to frighten the Roosevelt Administration or to cheer up the Republicans. Father Coughlin stayed at home to launch his League for Social Justice as an active organization, first in Detroit, then in Cleveland. The Detroit meeting was only a moderate success, the crowd growing weary of speeches, possibly, which it could not shut off. The league, Father Coughlin was careful to announce, is not a new party, as though to disclaim the name were to govern the ultimate destiny of the organization. The radio priest is not ready for party politics and is showing a canny restraint in avoiding it. He denies any alliance with Huey Long and keeps one foot within the chalk circle of loyalty to Roosevelt. A ready shiftiness is being displayed in meeting the criticism that he is a fascist. Though he still keeps the plank in his platform in which he promises to save labor from the "vested interests of wealth and intellect"—the vested interest of intellect undoubtedly meaning the American Federation of Labor—the league is now to indorse the Wagner Labor Disputes bill, thus disproving that its labor philosophy is purely fascist. At the same time Father Coughlin specifically denies that he is a fascist or indifferent to democracy. It is late in the day for such assurances to be convincing.

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THE GENIUS of German officialdom for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time was never displayed to better effect than in the announcement to the British that Germany is building submarines. The Germans may argue that they are logical, and that equality obviously must include this forbidden weapon, but they could have done nothing more skilfully calculated to estrange what was left of British good-will. The British were startled by German air power, but they are alarmed by German submarines, particularly as they are told that the new German craft are superior to the war-time U-boats which nearly starved them into defeat. Though only of 250-ton displacement, they are said to have a range of 6,000 miles and to be as spectacular in efficiency as the German pocket battleships. This surprise for the British was held in reserve during Sir John Simon's visit, and was sprung as a preliminary to the Anglo-German naval conversations. The British now will have to consult with the French and Italians, as these two have consulted with them. This time the British will be alert and anxious, knowing that their existence is more obviously threatened by a fleet of German U-boats than by any number of well-drilled German infantrymen. Hitler's one remaining diplomatic asset was the disposition of certain elements in British conservatism to look tolerantly on his demand for expansion in Eastern Europe. If only they would remain tolerant, the iron ring about Germany might never be forged, and German isolation might be averted. He now has thrown this asset away, opened the submarine school at Kiel, and is preparing to maneuver with six of his projected twelve submarines, which according to the London *Daily Herald* are already completed. Hitler thus promises to achieve his own encirclement with a talent unequaled by all the statesmanship of Europe.

WE SHALL BE INTERESTED to learn whether the British and French ambassadors call upon Secretary Hull to point out the threat to relations with their countries in the statement of General F. M. Andrews, chief of the General Headquarters Air Force, before a committee of the House. These ambassadors, it will be recalled, leaped to a similar duty as soon as investigators of the Senate Munitions Committee invaded the office of their agent, Morgan and Company, and its affiliate, the Guaranty Trust Company. General Andrews bluntly told the committee that in an "emergency" the United States must be prepared to seize British and French islands near to American shores. He did not describe what constituted an emergency, but listed the possessions of our friends to be seized. "The enemy," he said, "would have available for bases (if Canada remained neutral) Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Trinidad, British Honduras, and the Lesser Antilles. To insure against air attacks from these bases," he continued, "they must be kept under surveillance to discover any evidence of preparation of such bases, and we must be ready to bomb such installations as soon as they are discovered." We trust that Secretary Hull, as he did with the munitions committee, will summon General Andrews and point out to him the delicacy of the international situation, and that the President will back him up by inviting the General to the White House for a talk about good neighborliness. If General Andrews were a Nazi and had made his assertion in Berlin, the earthquake would have registered in every chancellery in Europe. We are fortunate that our professional militarists blurt out their inanities at a safer distance.

THE ALDERMANIC COMMITTEE investigating work and home relief in New York City will probably soon disband for lack of additional appropriation. We believe that all intelligent people will welcome its dissolution. The investigation has in the main been a Tammany show, for the Hall has been extremely eager to get its hands on the 12,000 jobs involved. The "corruption" and inefficiency charged have been either piddling or non-existent. Boondoggling and eurythmic dancing may not be ideal projects for the unemployed, but there has been far less of either than Lloyd Paul Stryker, counsel to the committee, has led the public to believe. Some people, to be sure, have been receiving relief under false pretenses, but to date only sixty-eight such cases have been verified, and the amount of money involved seems to be in the neighborhood of $25,000, which is trifling when compared to the many millions of dollars expended. As to the charge of "foreigners administering relief," Edward Corsi, Director of Home Relief, has scotched it completely. The TERA regulations for choosing relief supervisors are so strict that relatively few social workers in New York City can comply with them and the officials have had to bring in qualified people from Connecticut, New Jersey, and other such "foreign" parts. Mr. Corsi has long been in favor of relaxing the TERA regulations, as he recently testified before the Stryker committee.

INSUFFICIENCY OF FUNDS is the real problem in the relief situation. Under the present budget a family of five on home relief receives $12.55 a week, whereas private charity organizations would consider $20 as the minimum. Those on work relief, who number less than 70,000, get $52.50 a month, or $1.90 more. There are 320,000 families on work and home relief, or more than 1,500,000 persons. They are undernourished and underclothed, and the suffering which this state of affairs is inflicting upon minor children is appalling. Now there is talk of a drastic cut in the relief budget. If the cut is effected and the cost of living continues to increase and more people are thrown upon the relief rolls, more widespread misery will exist in New York than the city has ever seen.

THE RUSSIANS have finally built themselves a subway. It has indirect lighting, glazed tiling, and mosaics, and is reported to be without equal for beauty or comfort. But the financing and building of the system disclose the most primitive methods and show how much the Soviets still have to learn. They simply appropriated the money and built the subway, and now charge a half-penny a ride. How much better we should do the same job! A droshky once ran over the route of the subway, then a horse car, later a trolley. The Soviet authorities, blind fellows, see in them only outmoded means of transportation to be abandoned, but in this country such relics are the material of our financial artists. The history of transit in any American city shows how much more efficiently we do these things. First we organize a Droshky Transportation Company and get a perpetual franchise. Then we organize the Imperial Moscow Horse Car Corporation, which takes over the franchise at a fat rental. His Majesty's Trolley Company

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takes over the Horse Car Corporation's rights in the Droshky Company's franchise, paying the Horse Car Corporation a rental. The subway company rents the rights of the trolley company in the horse-car corporation's rights in the droshky franchise. Old Colonel Morganbiltsky owns the stock of the droshky, horse-car, trolley, *and* subway companies, but that fact is never referred to in public. With all these rentals to pay himself, he proves before the Moscow Public Service Corporation that a seven-cent fare is needed for a fair return on his subway. From the seven cents the Colonel pays himself a 10 per cent return on the (inflated) value of a droshky that went to pieces in the blizzard of 1888, a 6 per cent return on horse cars last seen in 1903, a 5 per cent return on trolley cars that will now carry no passengers, and a 7 per cent return on the subway, including its going value, good-will, franchises, replacement cost, and atmospheric displacement. Later Colonel Morganbiltsky organizes an All-Russian Subway Holding and Management Corporation which charges the subway so much to manage its managers that—in order to safeguard a fair return—the Moscow Public Service Commission raises the fare to ten cents. True, the people of Moscow will be paying ten cents instead of a half-cent a ride, but think of the advantages in up-to-date capitalistic financial methods. Anybody can *build* a subway.

MR. HEARST doubtless felt that he had scored a knockout blow against the "red menace" when he employed Harry Lang, former Socialist and member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Forward*, to give his name to the most recent series of anti-Soviet articles. Mr. Lang has admittedly not been in the Soviet Union since 1933, but his tales of starvation, torture, terrorism, and despotism have been featured on the front page of the New York *Evening Journal* during recent weeks. "News" to Mr. Hearst consists, apparently, of the discovery of a new man who will attack Soviet Russia. The Socialist Party and most of the outstanding Socialist leaders have unequivocally repudiated Lang and his stories. But the spectacle of a professed Socialist, no matter how renegade, combining forces with the most unscrupulous and reactionary journalist in America in a campaign of misrepresentation regarding the first socialist country is bound to be misleading. Hearst knows that his readers are not in a position to judge the accuracy of the charges. And he knows, too, that his ends can be best served by throwing a smoke screen over the amazing progress which the Soviet Union has made in the past two years. By attempting to discredit communism in distant Russia, he is merely resorting to an easy and dishonest method of attacking radicalism of all varieties in America.

AMID INSPIRED REPORTS from Washington regarding an impending business revival, it comes as somewhat of a shock to learn that world trade for 1934 was the lowest for over thirty years. Total trade, measured in gold dollars, was $23,375,000,000 as compared with $68,600,000,000 in 1929, a decline of 67 per cent. Between 1933 and 1934 the drop was approximately 4 per cent. To Germany goes the unenviable distinction of having suffered the greatest loss in exports, though it was one of the few countries to have an increase in imports. Only Japan enjoyed a rise in both branches of trade. The large decline in American imports—over 12 per cent—must be attributed primarily to the effect of the Roosevelt monetary policy. Exports declined also, but to a relatively small degree. The fact that the United States bought only seven-eighths as much from the outside world as in 1933 and only 22 per cent as much as in 1929 is in itself an important factor in prolonging the depression both abroad and at home. Paradoxical though it may seem, the chief evil lies in the increase in America's "favorable" balance of trade. As a creditor country the United States can normally support an export surplus only if it resumes foreign lending on a large scale. Otherwise it must attract gold and silver from abroad in payment of balances, a development that is bound to accentuate deflationary forces throughout the world.

THE DREISER-HAPGOOD LETTERS published in *The Nation* for April 17 have created general excitement, and rightly so. Intelligent people have come to look upon Mr. Dreiser as a champion of sense and decency in public affairs, and it was a distinct shock to them, as it was to the editors of *The Nation,* to discover that he entertained opinions about the Jewish race which were almost an exact duplicate of those held by the Nazis, the Ku Klux Klan, and other anti-Semitic groups. The *New Masses,* whose cause Mr. Dreiser has long befriended, immediately asked him to justify his position, and the result of its editors' talks with him was printed in its issue of April 23. Mr. Dreiser hemmed and hawed and protested his "good intentions" toward the Jews, but he retracted almost nothing. We agree with the editors of the *New Masses* that "anti-Semitism is not something that can be temporized with or toned down." We earnestly hope that Mr. Dreiser will see the gross error of his ways and that he will not turn traitor to intelligence in the United States as Gerhart Hauptmann has done in Germany.

RACINE, WISCONSIN, has once more put in its bid for the distinction of being one of the most reactionary cities in the country. Angered by the failure of the municipal authorities to take drastic action against the strikers of the J. I. Case Company, a delegation of a hundred prominent business men, lawyers, ministers, and civic leaders invaded the office of Mayor William J. Swoboda twice during a single day to demand "that the laws of the city and state be enforced." Specifically, they insisted that action be taken against pickets and labor organizers, that the Mayor revoke the permit issued to Jack Duller, strike leader, to carry firearms, and that the order instructing the police department not to interfere with the strike be rescinded. When the Mayor hesitated, the business leaders threatened to call upon the sheriff to deputize them so that they could "enforce the law" without the aid of the authorities. This threat is particularly outrageous in view of the fact that the Case strike has been entirely peaceful. No disturbance has occurred, for the very reason that peaceful picketing has not been interfered with by the police. Even the Case Company spokesmen have declared themselves to be satisfied with the picketing, and the federal mediator has stated that he has no complaint. To the vigilante mind, however, a peaceful strike is an ominous precedent. Several manufacturing establishments are said to have threatened to leave Racine unless the labor situation is taken in hand. The Mayor, after a genuine attempt at impartiality, has given way to mob pressure and promised that the "law shall be enforced."

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Bigger Than the Government

THE Nye committee's hearing on the case of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company produced two public issues of a serious nature. The first is whether it is possible for the government to enforce suitable labor conditions in the factory of a munitions maker who has a patent monopoly in manufacturing weapons considered essential for the national defense. Senator Clark summed up the situation with a clear question:

> SENATOR CLARK: If a munitions manufacturer happens to have a patent monopoly of the most effective weapons of a particular kind, he may, in effect, put the government in a situation where they have to permit him to violate the law represented by NRA, or deprive the government of a very essential weapon, or go in and commandeer his plant?
>
> LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARRIS: That is correct.

This issue, then, is clear and is not complicated by any question of the legality of the finding against the Colt company. It happens that there is a difference of opinion about the Labor Board's ruling. But if there had been no difference, the Colt company still would have been stronger than the NRA. The Colt company, it was revealed, operates the four basic Browning patents for machine-guns under license from the government, and has other patents of its own. These four patents belong to the people of the United States, and yet the Colt company is in a position to defy the penalties of the law in using them.

The other issue developed by the hearing is whether this country can long continue to operate under two interpretations of Section 7-a, one duly laid down by the National Labor Relations Board, the other adopted by Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice. In the Colt case the company refused to sign a written contract with a joint council of its workers as representatives of their unions. That was the only issue in dispute. The joint council had been named by the unions, it was a union council, and by no hook or crook could it be considered a council of individuals. The company—after it had lost its Blue Eagle and while it was maintaining it had not violated Section 7-a—publicly explained that it could not sign with the joint council as representative of the unions "because it did not constitute fair treatment to those of its employees who are not members of the union." It repeated this explanation in a different form a few days later: "It cannot allow all its employees, whether or not they prefer to be represented by the unions, to be subjected to the control of outside unions." While the company was ready to bargain with the joint council collectively and sign a contract with it for all employees, it was not ready to sign with representatives of unions. Yet the joint council had no other being than as representative of the unions.

We agree with the Labor Board that the company violated Section 7-a. Not so Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice. They decided that the offer of the company to make a written contract with the joint council which its members should not be permitted to sign as union representatives satisfied Section 7-a. The company's Blue Eagle had already been taken away. But somehow or other notification of this fact did not go to the War Department, which was doing a big business with Colt. Mr. Richberg told the Nye committee he just couldn't understand why the notification had not been sent. If Mr. Richberg can't, we can't be expected to. But the fact is, it was not sent, and Colt went blithely about its business under the Blue Eagle.

Now Mr. Richberg, who can behave as ingenuously as anybody in Washington, led the Nye committee to believe that the National Recovery Board as such disagreed with the Labor Board about its findings in the Colt case, and so made out that the Labor Board was in the minority as against the Recovery Board and the Department of Justice. Here is the record:

> MR. RICHBERG: The Department of Justice and the Recovery Board were in agreement that the cause was not an adequate one for prosecution and defense. . . . That is the issue presented as to compliance with Section 7-a . . . and on that the Labor Board takes the position that this [the company's offer] is not compliance with 7-a; the Recovery Board and the Department of Justice disagree with them.
>
> MR. HISS: On that issue the Recovery Board disagrees with the Labor Board? Is that correct?
>
> MR. RICHBERG: The Recovery Board disagrees, the Department of Justice disagrees.

We must conclude from this that Mr. Richberg was overcome not by loss of memory but by a confusion of identities. We wish the Nye committee had asked him: "Can you produce minutes of the Recovery Board's meeting when it decided that it disagreed with the Labor Board?" This might have brought him back to contact with realities. For no such meeting of the Recovery Board was ever held, and the Recovery Board as such never did disagree with the Labor Board. Mr. Richberg disagreed with it. No doubt Mr. Witherow, the new member of the board and a director of Mr. Mellon's Pittsburgh Coal Company, disagreed. He was Colt's active supporter in the whole affair. But they are not the board, and a proper decision of the board was never reached. Possibly Mr. Richberg merely meant that the board, had it voted, would have disagreed with the finding. But when Mr. Murray, as a member of the board, tried to negotiate peace between Colt and its workers, he presented a plan based on the finding of the Labor Board. There is an agreement between the NRA and the Labor Board to consult if any question arises as to the legality of the board's rulings. There was no consultation in this case.

Such confusion is grave enough, but is nothing like so grave as this intolerable duality of opinions about Section 7-a. By itself it constitutes a betrayal of labor. Our sympathies go out to the employees of the Colt company who used the labor machinery of the government before going on strike, who won the decision from the government's own labor agency, who had to strike to enforce that finding, and who now discover themselves hamstrung by the contrary philosophies of Mr. Richberg and the Department of Justice and their power to determine the Administration's labor policy.

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Gambling on a Boom

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S radio talk, the first since his sensational victory in the elections of last November and the still more sensational collapse of the New Deal following that victory, appears to us a landmark. The New Deal is over. In its place is a weak reform program combined with the work-relief splurge, which really is no more than a gamble on a natural business recovery within eighteen months. The Roosevelt of 1933 also has changed, and is now only the affable leader of a party approaching the next election, however much his voice rings with ardor, and his social conscience appears to color his thought with the same tinge of concern. He still remains the most popular political figure in America. But the hope of building a social state on the ruins of the depression has been scuttled. Only two reforms remain for which the President is ready to do battle. One is the halfway step toward the social control of credit through a government-dominated Federal Reserve system. The other is the curtailment of the utility holding companies. No attempt has been made to use taxation socially. And social security, which should be part of the tax system, is exchanged for a meek substitute which is neither social nor security.

Work relief, despite the President's elaborate account of the mechanism by which it will be administered, cannot be disguised. It consists of four parts relief and one part work. Of the $4,800,000,000 to be spent before the next election, only a little more than a billion will be actual pump-priming which will permanently increase the national income. The rest will increase that income for as long as the government is willing to continue the program. We do not question the ability of Messrs. Walker, Ickes, and Hopkins to create jobs enough to employ several million persons by the fall of 1936. What we question is that private enterprise will keep them employed when federal expenditure ceases. The Administration is staking everything on business recovery by 1936. The talk of a boom is in the air, and economists, we know, have assured the White House that it may develop. When analyzed, the prediction is nothing more than harking back to the cyclical theory which the President last autumn was going to render archaic with his permanent program of public works. The prediction is based first on the unlimited credit facilities and cheapness of money. It proceeds with the catalogue of needed plant replacement. It concludes with the faith that ultimately business cannot help responding to these two conditions. But business, to complete this prophecy, must have confidence in the Administration and the safety of investment. For the President the irony of his position today is that though he has abandoned a real New Deal, business refuses to believe in him. It is no mere coincidence that the National Association of Manufacturers should announce its terms for resuming business on the day after the President's broadcast. It speaks magnificently of the money waiting to be spent: on plant expansion, $20,000,000,000; on machinery, $18,000,000,000; delayed demand for durable goods, $49,275,000,000. It cites the estimate of Colonel Leonard Ayres, a "noted Cleveland economist," that $80,000,000,000 is the measure of waiting demand. Business, in effect, will proceed to spend these sums if "uncertainty is eliminated." "This means," says the statement, "the laying aside temporarily of any legislation which is not aimed directly and positively at ending the depression and restoring the millions of idle persons to work within private industry, and the adjournment of Congress as soon as possible." The legislation to be shelved is stated to be the unemployment-insurance bill, the banking bill, the utility holding-company bill, new railroad laws, the Wagner labor-disputes bill, the extension of the AAA, and the Guffey coal bill.

The country hears its master's voice. Big business boasts that it can restore prosperity if its terms are met. They are the same terms which were put forward less stridently a year ago, and to which the President already has yielded the essence of his own program. But his compromises have not made him acceptable. Business will have nothing but complete surrender. The economists who believe there will be a boom in the face of this ukase may prove to be right, but it looks to us as though the President has made his peace with business to no avail, and that all he is sure of is the continuance of a $46,000,000,000 national income until the next election. In 1929 the income was $83,000,000,000. We seem to be doomed to remain five-eighths prosperous until big business has its way.

Cotton and the South

THE current campaign of the textile industry against the processing tax has served to stimulate latent opposition to the Administration's cotton program from a variety of disaffected groups. Tories led by Mark Sullivan profess to see a growing trend toward regimentation which must inevitably lead to communism and/or fascism. Radicals are deeply perturbed over the fate of the South's two million share-cropper and tenant families. Cotton consumers, as represented by the textile interests, complain that the high cost of cotton is reducing domestic consumption; while many of the more conservative growers, with Governor Talmadge as their spokesman, fear the elimination of the South's most lucrative industry. That there should be any significant opposition to the AAA in the South is surprising in view of the fact that this section, on the whole, has enjoyed more than its share of recovery. The income from its two main crops—cotton and tobacco—has more than doubled since 1932, and the cotton-loan program has given growers an unprecedented protection against unfavorable fluctuations in the market.

Against these indubitable gains, however, must be set the burden imposed upon the share-croppers and the apparent deterioration of the South's premier industry. The report of the committee sponsored by the Rosenwald fund, together with the series of brilliant articles in the New York *Times* by F. Raymond Daniell, have made the plight of the share-cropper a matter of common information. It has been estimated that approximately 400,000 families, or 20 per cent of the dependent farm population of the South, have been thrown off the plantations and on relief by the operation of the AAA crop-reduction program. Most of these families will probably never be taken back as tenants, since the owners have discovered that it is cheaper to grow their

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cotton by employing transient labor during the active working season, some three or four months a year. The problem of the share-croppers has been accentuated, moreover, by a sharp rise of class feeling where they have sought to protect their livelihood by organization. Although no strikes have been called or demands made, more than twenty instances of actual or threatened mob violence against members of and sympathizers with the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have been reported in northeastern Arkansas alone since last July. No effort has been made to arrest the perpetrators of any of these acts of violence.

To the physical and psychological hardships imposed upon the underprivileged masses of rural workers by the AAA must be added the threat of a permanent dislocation of the economy of the South. Owing to the rise in cotton prices the government-imposed curtailment of production in the United States has been almost completely offset by increased foreign production. Since more than half the cotton grown in the United States prior to the New Deal was sold abroad, the importance of this development can scarcely be overestimated. American cotton exports have fallen from an average of approximately eight million bales annually prior to the depression to less than four million in 1934-35. In contrast, Brazil has more than tripled its production in the past five years; the Soviet Union has doubled its crop; and China, Peru, and Mexico have added materially to their output. Although the United States formerly contributed at least 60 per cent of the world's supply of cotton, it now grows only about 45 per cent of the total. In view of the existing spread between the price of American and foreign cotton, a further reduction in American production is practically inevitable unless the Administration drastically modifies its present policies. Added to the sharp drop in exports, moreover, has been a disquieting decline in domestic consumption. With the sole exception of the 1931-32 season, the per capita consumption of cotton in this country is now at the lowest ebb in many years.

The AAA subsidy is essentially an attempt to compensate agriculture for the losses imposed by the American tariff policy. But if the Triple A is to continue its present course, a complete reorganization of the economy of the South is inescapable. Some means will have to be discovered for absorbing into productive employment from 600,000 to a million share-croppers and their families, who must continue to bear the brunt of any reduction program. This implies the discovery of new enterprises on a vast scale which are more profitable than cotton growing. Whether this is in fact possible is doubtful. The presumption is strong that cotton and tobacco are the crops best suited to the climatic and soil conditions of the South and as such are likely to yield a higher cash return than any substitute. Thus while some diversification is doubtless desirable, intelligent planning would look toward an increase rather than a reduction of the commodities which the South is best fitted to produce, and would direct itself toward enlarging rather than diminishing the market for such products. A courageous attack on the tariff problem is the one step which offers hope of a basic solution of the South's problems. Failing this, a modification of the cotton-loan policy and an elimination of the processing tax might help, but the subsidy will have to be continued even though it wrecks one of America's greatest industries. This is the price of economic nationalism.

Kapitza Stays Home

A FEW weeks ago the Russian physicist Peter Kapitza made the headlines by producing in a Cambridge laboratory the lowest temperature ever recorded by man. A little later he went back to his native country for some conference or other, and he has just been informed that there he will stay. At a cost of $75,000 Cambridge had equipped for him the laboratory to which he was expected to return, but last week (according to the New York *Times*) the Soviet Embassy in London stated:

> As a result of the extraordinary development of the national economy in the U. S. S. R. the number of scientific workers available does not suffice, and in these circumstances the Soviet government has found it necessary to utilize for scientific activities within the country the services of Soveit scientists working abroad. Professor Kapitza belongs to this category.

He has, the announcement adds, "been appointed director of the New Institute of Physical Research."

Evidently times have changed since the utterance of the famous French dictum, "The revolution has no need of scientists"; and a cynic might discover some symbolical significance in the fact that a great capitalist country is vying with a great communist one for the honor of having absolute zero reached within its borders. Slightly more seriously, however, we suggest a debate, "Resolved that the scientist should be allowed complete liberty to go where he likes and to conduct such investigations as he selects." What is more we will offer a brief for both sides.

Argument for the affirmative: Science has conducted a long battle for freedom from official interference by church or state. The rapidity of its advance steadily increased as such freedom was won. The essence of its spirit is daring nonconformity, and most of its greatest triumphs have been achieved by persons without official encouragement. Like all creative workers, the scientist is temperamentally unfit for discipline for the simple reason that he knows better than any constituted authority what he ought to do. All state academies tend to favor both official doctrines and those lines of investigation which seem to promise immediate utility. Yet experience has shown how often the official doctrine is wrong and the disinterested study useful.

Argument for the negative: The most striking paradox of contemporary society is the contrast between the powers which science has developed and the failure of society to use them for social welfare. The first duty of any modern government is to put the scientist to work for social ends. Professor Kapitza is not and should not be a free agent. Besides, he will have much better working conditions in Russia than he would have under a capitalist economy, where he would be at the mercy of a patron's whims.

Rebuttal from the affirmative: Professor Kapitza was kidnapped. The argument that the individual and his own desires must be sacrificed to his work is dangerous and typical of the tyrannical Russian temperament And if conditions in Russia are more favorable than in England, why does the Russian government use force to prevent a great scientist from choosing to work in England?

Rebuttal from the negative: Professor Kapitza is in Russia and he is going to stay there.

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Issues and Men

The Progressive Republicans

PLEASE take notice that hereafter when I speak of the "progressive Republicans" I do not mean the little band of liberal Senators and Congressmen who for so long put their right to conscience and independence above party fealty. No, indeed, I now mean the Republican Party of Herbert Hoover and the national Republican chairman, Henry P. Fletcher, who has just announced with pontifical gravity that, "contradictory as it may sound," the Republican Party "is progressive because it has been conservative"! Undoubtedly the hearts of millions of bankers and business men leaped with joy when they read this new definition of what constitutes progress. It is a slogan which, I venture to assert, will carry far. Those are surely the truest patriots who stand still, who resist change, who oppose every new idea and suggestion of something different. This is exalting the mentality of the D. A. R. to the highest degree. Won't it be wonderful in the next campaign to see the banners going up Fifth Avenue borne by chanting hosts, and reading, "We Progress by Refusing to Move," "We Advance by Standing Still"?

If this should come to pass, it would have the merit of letting us know exactly where the Republican Party was standing. Yet, despite Mr. Fletcher's appeal, it is perfectly obvious that his party is not going to be united on any such program. The Westerners are insisting that they will write their own platform, and although they are personally friendly to Mr. Hoover and Mr. Fletcher, they have not the slightest intention of letting them run the next campaign. Senator Borah also is out for "a complete and bona fide reorganization of the Republican Party." He demands the selection of an entirely new slate of national committeemen, "with preference for women and young men," and he wants an aggressive declaration of principles in preparation for the 1936 national convention. Other Senators are reported as protesting against the frontal attack which Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Hoover would like to make on Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Senator Capper of Kansas, for example, had a good word to say over the radio on April 21 for some phases of the New Deal, and rejoiced in the fact that the Republican Party is "being forced to get down to brass tacks and to deal with fundamental principles." He then proceeded to define the task of the party in the following words: "Its job is to determine how much individualism we can retain, how many parts of our national economy must be owned in common or controlled in common." Exactly; that is the main problem before all the governments in the world, namely, where to stop in the process of socialization. But his next assertion, "We must seek to retain a democratic system of government under the Constitution that will make government, finance, industry, and business serve the people; the welfare of the people is the end," indicates the essential cleavage that exists today in the Republican Party. Mr. Fletcher is for the continuance of the old order, which means that government, finance, industry, and business will work hand in hand not for the people but for the further enrichment and aggrandizement of the privileged classes, with the unprivileged masses going steadily downhill.

William Allen White is even more realistic than Senator Capper. "We are confronted with a débâcle," he says, "of a mechanistic civilization. Perhaps débâcle is too strong, but this mechanistic civilization is no longer a going concern"—an amazing bit of frankness and radicalism from one who supported and championed both Coolidge and Hoover. But Mr. White does not stop there. Asking the question, "What do Republicans think of the challenge this collapse makes to democratic institutions?" he answers with a frank "No one knows what Republicans think." Hence his demand for regional conferences in the next few months in the hope that they will develop "a creed—an attitude of mind in which we can face the future and its unsolved problems." Well, this is fine, but while Republicans are meeting one another on the street and saying, "Brother, what do you think about a central bank, and agricultural aid, and forty-nine other problems that I could list for you," Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and others are swinging into action; and Chairman Fletcher is bringing up the rear with cries of "Don't think, don't plan, don't talk! Just stand still and be as you were before the crash."

Other Republican statesmen, like Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, who thinks that the thing to do is to stand on the Michigan platform which he wrote, believe that the Republicans must be progressive, but not *quite* so progressive or so radical as Mr. Roosevelt. That may be sound doctrine, but it is the last doctrine to make a winning appeal to the American electorate. "Friends, vote for us, and you won't go so far as you will with Mr. Roosevelt. We offer you just 60 per cent of Mr. Roosevelt's program. The other 40 per cent is dangerous. Come with us. Vote for the halfway New Deal." How many votes will that win for the Republicans, especially if there is a third party with a clear-cut program more radical than Mr. Roosevelt's? And where will it land dear Mr. Fletcher with his slogan, "We progress because we conserve"? It is of course too early to venture any prophecy. We are in an extraordinary political flux, and what the next twelve months will bring forth no man should venture to say who cares for his reputation. One can, however, point out that today it seems impossible that the Fletchers, Hoovers, Borahs, Cappers, and Whites can be bedfellows in the next campaign, and that the Republican Party's disorganization, lack of vision, and lack of complete readiness to cut itself off forever from its policy of exploiting the masses in order to enrich the masters of privilege must make President Roosevelt feel quite certain of his reelection next year, barring economic collapse.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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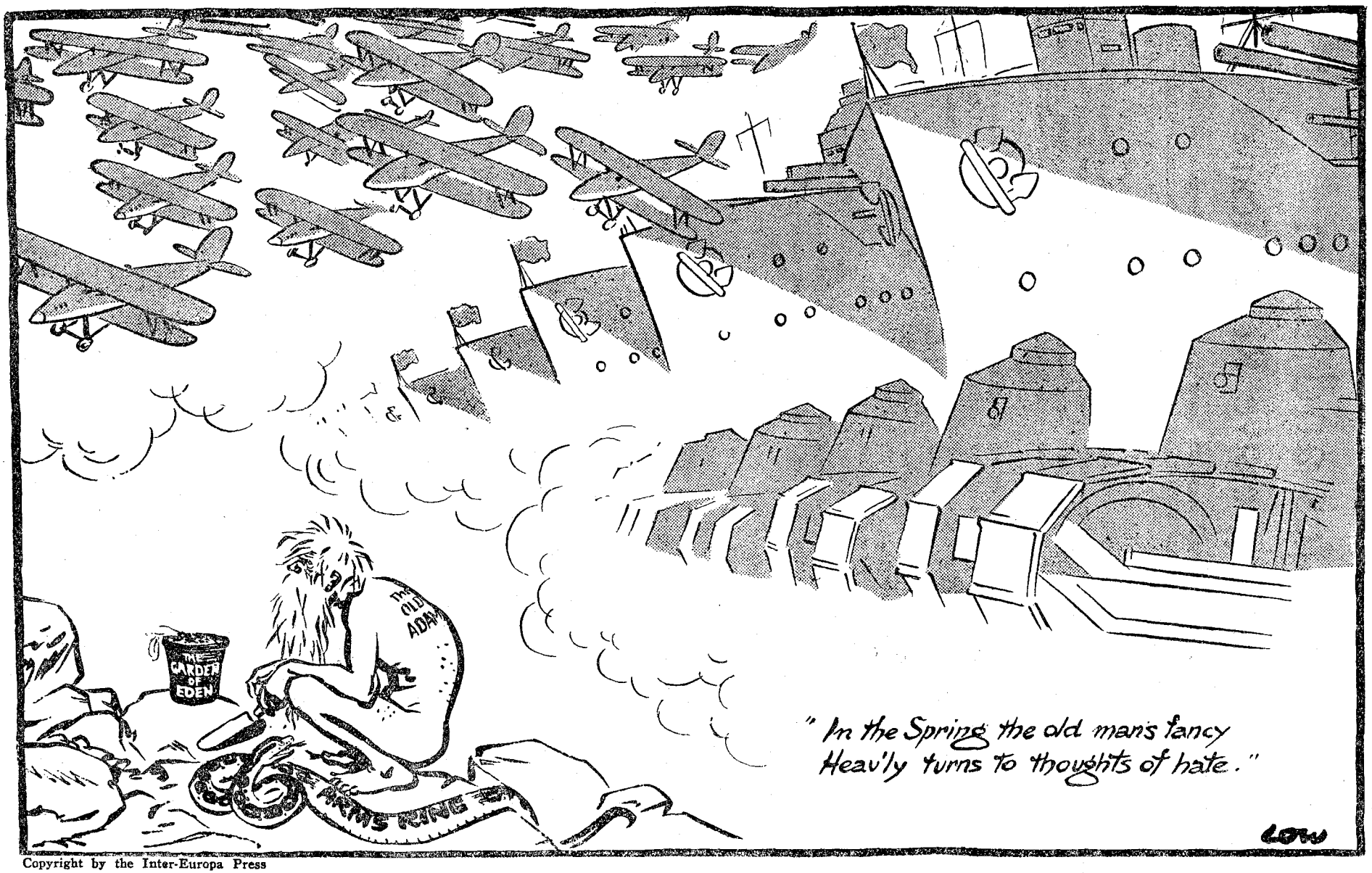
A Cartoon by LOW



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Behind the Kirov Executions—I

By LOUIS FISCHER

RECENT years have brought many far-reaching changes in Bolshevik methods, changes so fundamental that in the eyes of outsiders they may create an entirely new impression of Marxism in practice. These changes might all be roughly grouped under the heading of "G. P. U. Dictatorship and Democracy."

In March, 1919, President Woodrow Wilson, in Paris at the Peace Conference, sent Lincoln Steffens and William C. Bullitt, now United States Ambassador at Moscow, to negotiate with Bolshevik leaders regarding the terms of a peace settlement. Steffens and Bullitt met Lenin in the Moscow Kremlin and discussed all phases of their mission with him. Finally they said: "We have also been asked to ascertain when the Red Terror will end." Lenin wheeled around in his swivel chair, narrowed his Tartar eyes, and pointing a finger at them, exclaimed: "Who wants to know? The statesmen who have just sent ten million soldiers to their death in the trenches of Europe?" This reflects the attitude of the Bolsheviks in that day and this.

Yet on their own account and without prodding a change has come recently in Russia which must certainly be regarded as a crucial turning-point in the evolution of the Soviet State. It began in 1931 in the midst of the first Five-Year Plan. The suffering and the shortage of food and goods caused by the enormous capital expenditure of that plan had provoked considerable opposition within the ruling Communist Party and among certain elements of the population, notably the peasants and intellectuals. A right wing in the party, led by Prime Minister Rykov, Tomsky, the head of the trade unions, and Bukharin, the stormy-petrel theoretician, had quarreled with Stalin and insisted that the tempo of construction and upbuilding was too rapid for the country to bear, that to prosecute intensive industrialization in a backward country and simultaneously to collectivize or socialize 120,000,000 capitalistic peasants involved too great a burden and political risk. Stalin would hear none of this. And in order to go ahead with his program he decided to wipe out his opponents in the party leadership, and also those intellectuals, professional men, and government officials who supported or might support Rykov, Tomsky, and Bukharin.

This purge was carried out by the G.P.U. (O.G.P.U.). The G.P.U. had already done a similar job with the Trotzkyists. The knowledge which it acquired in these activities and the gratitude which such services earned it in the eyes of the leaders, plus the fact that at all times the G.P.U. had been a far-flung, efficient organization, made it a most powerful body with a status unique in the Soviet Union. Its uniqueness lay in the fact that whereas all other governmental departments enjoyed only such authority as was delegated to them by the supreme Central Committee of the Communist Party, the G.P.U. possessed rights and authority within itself, and frequently used them to excess. The trouble came to a head through the prosecution of the intellectuals in 1929, 1930, and 1931. It is true that a large number of intellectuals were violently opposed to a socialist economy, skeptical of Soviet success, and ready to sabotage it. But so many engineers were arrested on little or no suspicion that Soviet industrial leaders complained that factories and construction projects were without adequate technical guidance. Moreover, those engineers who remained at liberty were so afraid of making a technical mistake for which they might be judged culpable that they refused to take any risks.

For these reasons, and because by this time the left and right oppositions had been crushed, Stalin called a halt in the summer of 1931. He did so by appointing Akulov as the actual leader of the G.P.U. Menzhinsky, the titular chief of the G.P.U., had been inactive on account of serious illness. His first assistant, Yagoda, was running the organization. Now Akulov, an old friend of Lenin's, a staunch Communist and a Central Committee man, supplanted Yagoda, and Yagoda was demoted to the position of Akulov's aide. Akulov immediately began to discharge numerous old bureaucrats in the G.P.U. and to appoint in their places intelligent workingmen who had a correct conception of the G.P.U.'s role in the state. Meanwhile Yagoda sulked. Not many months had elapsed, however, before, as the Russians say, "the apparatus ate up Akulov"—the permanent officials thwarted his efforts and made his work impossible for him. Akulov was accordingly removed, and sent away to be the Communist secretary of the Donetz coal basin. Yagoda resumed his duties as master of the G.P.U.

Stalin's first attempt at taming the G.P.U. had thus failed. Stalin, however, is not a man to accept failure. In the spring of 1933 he brought Akulov back to Moscow and created a special office for him, that of Procurator or Attorney General of the Soviet Union. The decree announcing the appointment specifically stated that the Attorney General was authorized to review and supervise the operations of the G.P.U. In other words, Akulov, who had found it difficult to liberalize the G.P.U. from within, now undertook to do it from without. Akulov forthwith proceeded to release many persons wrongly accused or imprisoned for minor and inflated misdemeanors. A quiet struggle set in between the G.P.U. and the Attorney General's office.

Meanwhile, several highly important events intervened which struck body blows at the G.P.U. The first of these was the trial of the six British Metro-Vickers engineers in April, 1933. There was then, and there certainly is now, sufficient proof to convince any impartial mind that at least two of the engineers, MacDonald and Thornton, and probably also one or two of the others, were guilty of espionage in the Soviet Union. One of the accused, Cushni, only a few months ago delivered a lecture on Soviet secret military preparations at a closed course in a British naval academy, and there is scarcely any doubt that these men, employed by one of the most powerful links in the great international armaments ring, were engaged in collecting data on the U. S. S. R. which subsequently found its way into the hands of certain British and Japanese officials. Yet the Moscow trial might have been dispensed with. The Soviet govern-

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ment might have informed the British government, and deported the suspects. The hand of Moscow, however, was forced by the unexpected arrest of the men. The political embarrassment and the loss of foreign trade which followed these events were booked to the discredit of the G.P.U. In the same year an event of tremendous importance intervened which did even greater damage to the position of the G.P.U.

In April, 1920, Marshal Pilsudski suddenly marched a Polish army into the Ukraine and captured the Soviet city of Kiev. The Red forces quickly drove him back, and met little or no resistance until they reached the gates of Warsaw. With the Red army that penetrated into Poland went a young Ukrainian Communist named Konar. In the precipitate retreat of the Soviet legions from Warsaw, Konar was captured by the Poles. His personal documents were taken from him, and he was subjected to a lengthy and most detailed cross-examination regarding his origins, his family, his personal habits, and his ideas on every subject. Then Konar was executed by the Poles, and a Polish spy named Poleschuk took Konar's papers and made his way into the Soviet Ukraine as Konar. In view of the chaos and disorganization that reigned in the Russia of those days, it is not difficult to see how this "Konar" soon found a job in a Soviet office, and began to make himself at home. Poleschuk-Konar was a man of parts, and before long he began to advance in the Soviet hierarchy. To make the story short, it was not many years before the new Konar occupied the very pivotal post of Assistant Commissar of Agriculture for the entire Soviet Union. From his office in Moscow he directed an organization of some thousand spies who, a few consciously and many unconsciously, supplied him with information on Soviet conditions which "Konar" regularly transmitted to the Polish military attaché in Moscow. As Assistant Commissar of Agriculture, "Konar" attended meetings of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the supreme authority in the U. S. S. R., and even delivered reports to the highest body in the land, the Politburo of ten, of which Stalin, Kaganovich, Molotov, and Voroshilov are members.

About 1931 "Konar" married a beautiful Russian girl, a Soviet film star. By this time he began to feel that he had reached almost the political heights in the Soviet Union, he was personally happy, and his secret Polish connections were only a burden and a danger to him. He accordingly tried to break his ties with the Poles. But the Poles would not let him. A man so highly placed in the Soviet system was too valuable to them, and they threatened to disclose his identity if he dared to desert them.

One day, at a parliamentary meeting in Moscow attended by delegates from all parts of the country, "Konar" was introduced to a Ukrainian Communist. The Ukrainian Communist stepped away, watched "Konar" for a long time, and then said to himself: "But this is not Konar. I knew Konar very well." He reported his suspicions to the G.P.U., and the G.P.U. began to watch "Konar." One fine day an agent of the G.P.U. saw "Konar" delivering papers to the Polish military attaché Kovalevsky. "Konar" was arrested and tried. He confessed, told the story of his protracted espionage on behalf of Poland, and was shot.

One can imagine a conversation between Stalin and Yagoda, the head of the G.P.U., at this juncture. "What good are you," Stalin might have stormed, "if you cannot keep spies out of my own office, and out of the front rank of our government?" In the case of the British engineers, the G.P.U. had caused the Kremlin embarrassment. Here it had proved its inefficiency.

Now at this time, 1933, general conditions in the Soviet Union had improved, and it was felt that the strict repression of the G.P.U. was not as necessary as it had been in the difficult years preceding. The bourgeoisie had been wiped out. The kulaks, or recalcitrant peasants, had been "liquidated" and exiled to distant parts of the country. There was no opposition to Stalin within the party, the intelligentsia had in part been won over to the Soviet side, and the menace of foreign attack had somewhat diminished. The situation warranted a let-up.

Beginning in 1934, the fruits of the first Five-Year Plan made themselves apparent. The stores began to fill with commodities, queues grew shorter, and an air of prosperity and hopefulness filled the city and the countryside. Collectivization in the villages was firmly rooted, and any discussion of its permanence became unreal. The Kremlin was registering significant successes in foreign affairs. The Bolsheviks had built up a large, highly mechanized army commanded by Communists and containing a large percentage of Communist and proletarian soldiers who could be depended on to defend Soviet Russia's frontiers.

All these circumstances were soon reflected in an atmosphere of relaxation. The G.P.U. was making few arrests, and Attorney General Akulov was releasing thousands of citizens who had been falsely accused or too severely sentenced. Akulov, moreover, was insisting that a defendant's confession was not evidence, and while this attitude may be axiomatic in Western jurisprudence, it constituted a most radical departure in Soviet criminal practice.

Dancing had been anathema in the Soviet Union. The authorities had regarded it as "demoralizing" and "bourgeois." Now dancing became as popular and universal as in any Western country, and for Red Army officers a course in dancing was made compulsory. From being a persecuted class, the engineers and intellectuals became a privileged class. Some engineers, accused and sentenced for counter-revolution and sabotage, were considered absolved by their services in behalf of the Soviet government in constructing canals and railroads, and were released, rehabilitated, and awarded orders of distinction. Many kulaks were reprieved. The Kremlin began to put more faith in the loyalty of non-Communists, and a decree declared that non-Communists must not be discriminated against in the appointing of factory directors, presidents of trusts, and so forth. In the universities and schools, where the professors and teachers had been at the mercy of their classes, strict discipline was introduced.

By this time the G.P.U. had come definitely under the everyday control of the Central Committee of the party. Weakened by its role in the Metro-Vickers affair, stunned by the Konar disclosure, and undermined by the activities of Akulov, the G.P.U., in Stalin's opinion, was ripe for reorganization to accommodate it to the new mood of the country. In January, 1934, accordingly, it was decided to abolish the G.P.U., transfer many of its functions to the public courts of law, and in its stead constitute a Commissariat of Internal Affairs with limited prerogatives. For months a struggle went on behind the scenes as to how

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this reorganization was to be effected and who would be the new commissar. No outsider knows the facts, but rumor has it that Stalin had no enthusiasm for Yagoda as Commissar of Internal Affairs, and preferred Rudzutak. Yet the preference was not a decided one, and meanwhile Maxim Gorki, an intimate friend of Stalin's, who wields considerable political influence, pressed for the appointment of Yagoda. Finally, in July, 1934, the new commissariat was established, its reduced authority was distinctly demarcated, and Yagoda was named as its head.

The trend toward normality continued and an interesting development took place. Previously the motives with which the authorities had tried to inspire the population were hate and fear of the domestic and foreign enemy. But the number of such enemies had become too small to inspire a whole nation. Moscow, therefore, looked about for new motivating impulses. Hate and the class war were somewhat outmoded. For, without having acquired the attributes of a classless society, the Soviet Union had actually rid itself of hostile classes. Instead of the class-war slogan, therefore, the Bolsheviks began toying with the idea of "Soviet nationality." All citizens must unite in the "Soviet Fatherland." The citizenry was told that capitalism abroad was decaying, while the Soviet Union was registering unprecedented progress. Had not the courageous collectivistic behavior of the Chelyuskin crew, marooned for two months in the Arctic on a perilous ice floe, and their gallant rescue by seven intrepid Soviet aviators impressed all the world with the supremacy of the new Soviet man?

The new motives were positive. The press and such plays as, for instance, "Personal Life" at the Theater of the Revolution stressed the importance of friendship between people. Simply to be comrades in the same party was not enough. With 1934 began a period of respite from the epoch-making struggles of the Five-Year Plan and collectivization. Soviet leaders and newspapers found time to devote themselves to minor matters. Serge Ordzhonikidze, Commissar of Heavy Industry, told his engineers and factory directors that they must shave every day. Articles in the dailies dilated on the advantages of creased trousers. Adults and school children were urged to give their street-car seats to the aged and invalided. Good manners and politeness had ceased to be "bourgeois."

Then came the highly significant First Congress of Soviet Writers in Moscow in August, 1934. Long years ago Lenin once wrote, "Down with non-Communist writers." At the congress Gorki told of a meeting between Stalin and a number of Communist authors. Stalin criticized the authors for their bad work, and said, "You must learn to write from the non-Communists." Was Stalin thus contradicting Lenin? No. But in the course of time those non-Communist authors had accepted socialism. They were actually Communists, except that they had no party cards. Therefore it was possible for Stetsky, the "dictator" of Soviet culture, to say to the congress, "You have taken the road to socialism, and, for the rest, there is only free creative activity."

All the time economic conditions improved; articles of consumption which Russia had never seen, or which Soviet citizens had never seen, appeared in the shops in abundance. Arrests by the new Commissariat of Internal Affairs were few, and releases by Akulov were many. In December, 1934, the government announced that as of January 1, 1935, bread rationing would be abolished, and the population, tired of the red tape, long queues, and bad quality connected with the card system, breathed a sigh of relief. "A new era is really dawning," people said.

Then, crack! Suddenly on December 1, 1934, Serge Kirov, the fourth most important Bolshevik leader in the country, was shot.

[*Part II of Mr. Fischer's article will appear in next week's issue.*]

Nazi Jew-Baiting in America—II

By CHARLES ANGOFF

THE Friends of New Germany have had plenty of sources of trouble besides Lüdecke. Although they have been in existence for almost eight years, they applied for incorporation only recently. Justice Edward J. McGoldrick of the New York Supreme Court refused their application on January 10, 1935, on the ground that he had "definite reports" "indicating serious internal dissension within the ranks of this proposed membership corporation." So the Friends incorporated in New Jersey, but they still use a New York address. Whether or not it is legal for an organization now incorporated in New Jersey, which has been refused incorporation in New York, to continue transacting business from a New York address remains to be decided. The office of the Attorney General of the State of New York is studying the matter. The questions of law involved are of a highly technical character. The *Beobachter*, which at this writing is still in the hands of the American National Socialist League, lately has had tough going. Its circulation has fallen off badly, and the league, according to latest information, is seriously thinking of discontinuing it. The paper has changed printers at least twice. The last two editions were printed by H. W. G. Gerlach, 81 East Tenth Street, New York City.

Both the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League have thus had their difficulties, but both had a stroke of luck in the Hauptmann case. They seized upon it to make all sorts of insinuations against the Jews, and especially to let loose a new version of the ancient lies about ritual murders. The following handbill, which is reproduced in photostat, could be obtained less than two months ago at the offices of the American National Socialist League, 228 East Eighty-sixth Street, and in the employment office (*Arbeitsdienst*) of the same organization at the same address. Precisely where and when it was printed is not certain at the moment, but I shall not be surprised if final investigation proves that it was set up by the Zenger Press, of 308 East Forty-sixth Street, and printed by the Hubner Press, situated at the corner of Lafayette and White

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streets. According to very reliable information 3,000 copies of the handbill were printed but only 300 were distributed. The remaining 2,700 were destroyed because "the police showed an interest in them." Copies are now being distributed by the National Socialist Workers' Party of America.

The Lindbergh Baby Affair

Jewish Ritual Murder

LE MIROIR (Montreal) in its issue of 3rd of July, 1932, says:— "The presence of numerous Jews, like Spitale and Bitz, etc., around Lindbergh after the kidnapping of his child last March, as well as certain particular aspects of the murder, have given rise to the suspicion in certain European papers, that the child was the victim of Jewish ritual murder."

The child was kidnapped on 1st March; the body was found on 12th May 72 days later, with fractures of the skull, and the reports published in the "New York Times" of 13/5/32 said that it was estimated that death must have taken place at least 2 months before the discovery of the body.

Jewish Ritual Murder is practised on Christian children on the occasion of the feast of Purim, where Jewish hate is worked up to afrenzy in the Synagogues. "Purim" is the annual celebration of the death of Haman, who had decreed the massacre of all the Jews in Asia but was betrayed by Esther: whenever the name Haman is uttered in the reading of the book of Esther on this day, the Jews cry out "Let his memory perish."

These ritual crimes are not legendary: they are real enough. In the Universal History of the Catholic Church, by Rohrbacher, 1845, many cases are cited. Sometimes the blood of a perfectly formed child is taken for the making of ceremonial bread by the Rabbis; sometimes the child is simply tortured to death. It was Sir Richard Burton who gave publicity to the celebrated ritual murder in Damascus in 1840, wherein a Capuchin, Pere Thomas, was kidnapped, his throat cut and his blood taken in a bottle to the Rabbis for their foul rites. For reporting this, Sir Richard was removed from his appointment by Jewish influence. The detected culprits escaped the death penalty by the money power of the Rothschild family, acting through the Alliance Israelite Universelle, a fine of half a million piastres being paid by the prominent Jews Adolphe Cremieux, Moses Montefiore and Munck. Details of the trial are given in a pamphlet "Jewish Ritual Slaughter," (published 'Britons.') obtainable from us, 3½d. post free.

The Lindbergh baby was evidently slaughtered in March, and the Purim of 1932 fell on 22nd of that month. Lindbergh is the nordic hero of the United States, and his child was supposed to represent Gentile perfection. As we have already reported in THE FASCIST, Lindbergh appointed Jews (Spitale and Bitz) as his negotiators with the kidnappers, and the all-Jewish "Purple Gang" of Detroit was the object of the Police search. Jewish money then, no doubt, stepped in and silenced revelations which would have shaken the Christian world out of its torpor.

Information about Ritual Murder is impossible to obtain in the Encyclopedia Britannica, because the article thereon is written by a Jew, Israel Abrahams, who carefully avoids any facts and merely cracks out "anti-semitism."

Reprinted from THE FASCIST, London (England). No. 40 (New Series), Sept., 1932

Immediately after the Hauptmann verdict another handbill about the Lindbergh baby was circulated in Flemington, New Jersey, in New York City, and in several other cities east of the Mississippi, and some even reached Los Angeles. When and by whom it was printed and distributed is still a mystery. Some quotations from it follow:

> Since the trial against the accused Bruno Richard Hauptmann had begun early in January, 1935, it was observed that practically the entire Jew-controlled press in the United States grabbed this very opportunity to manufacture reports which on the whole were nothing short of camouflaged fanatical expression of hatred against the accused man's home country, Germany. . . . During the Hauptmann trial the Jew papers have left no opportunity unused in referring at every instance, but foremostly in the newspaper headlines, to the Germanic origin of the accused. The specific origin of all the people involved in this trial in so far as they were identified with the Jewish people has clearly been concealed. The entire Jewish-controlled press during the proceedings of this trial has by no means anything substantial to create a greater sense of justice within the reading audience, but that very press has on the other side featured an extreme sense of exploitative activities in so far as the professional types who are handling the business of profiteering from the human dramas have shown themselves only too eager to increase their amount of publicity and to advertise themselves and their business. . . .
>
> The voluptuousness with which the Jew press of this city of New York tried to shift the public sentiment against Hauptmann and his home country has been demonstrated day after day in such terms applied to Hauptmann as the "Nazi killer," the "Nazi kidnapper," the "German machine gunner." Such a fact, however, raises the question of "Why are these antagonistic elements so extremely active in using their medium of expression against a man who has not been convicted at all as the actual killer and kidnapper of the Lindbergh boy, except by circumstantial evidence?" Is it in order to actually hide or veil the true evidences that may be known within certain Jewish circles? Is this accusation ceaselessly being repeated in order to convict a man quickly before some of the actual evidence penetrates to the limelight of American justice? Is the kind of accusation as expressed by the Attorney General, David T. Wilentz, idiomatic [*sic*] with that standard brand of American justice which could be termed as *"The* American sense of justice"? . . .
>
> Furthermore, in the contemplated Hauptmann appeal, undertaken by public collection of funds, have been variously suppressed by Jews, the latter using their influence in demanding from the Gentile bosses that in such and such establishment no collection be taken for a defense fund for the accused. This prohibition of making collections from sympathizers of Hauptmann has found a parallel in that various banks have refused, by order of their Jewish heads, to permit the use of their banking facilities for the purpose of making collections for the Hauptmann defense fund. This entirely un-American attitude of the Jewish element in this country undoubtedly will be remembered in time to come when the Gentile majority is aroused.
>
> This megalomaniacal and despotical attitude of a number of Jews toward a temporarily defeated member not of their race gives reason to recall the fact that in most European countries the Jewish criminal outnumbers the Gentile 18.55 times to one as one of the latest surveys revealed. Since no official figures pertaining to the Jewish criminality in the United States are obtainable, it is at this moment impossible to determine the exact number of criminals belonging to the offspring of Judah in the United States. This fact, however, does not relieve the Gentiles of this country from assuming that the actual Jewish criminal figure in the United States is not much behind that of the majority of European countries. For this reason these arrogant acts as committed by a large number of Jews within the past months are entirely out of place, considering the fact that the Jews have such an accumulation of unsettled guilt. . . .
>
> The Jews' attempt to stir up the American Gentiles against a member not belonging to their own Oriental race may prove fatal to them, a fact which is witnessed in the present Hauptmann appeal and its intermediate occurrences.
>
> The question of "Who murdered the Lindbergh baby?" awaits its correct solution from justice not influenced by any fanatically tempered offense lawyers. In reference to the alleged ritual murder in connection with the Lindbergh affair as quoted from certain papers that serve as specific organs of pronounced Gentiles, no positive evidence has yet been produced. However, the number of alleged ritual murders as the tragic deeds of a race which avowedly has a far greater number of cases of

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individual insanity than any other, is evidenced by our researcher's finding, who reports such crimes as having occurred in the following years and places:

A. D. 418 in Antiochia
" " 419 in Chalcis
" " 1017 in Blois (Loire)
" " 1137 in Norwich . . .
" " 1349 in Rothenburg
" " 1350 in Cologne
" " 1380 in Hagenbach
" " 1401 in Diessenhofen . . .
" " 1503 in Langendenzlingen
" " 1504 in Frankfort
" " 1509 in Bofingen
" " 1510 in Berlin . . .
" " 1824 in Beyrut
" " 1826 in Warsaw
" " 1829 in Turin
" " 1831 in St. Petersburg
" " 1834 in Tripolis
" " 1839 in Rhodes and Damascus . . .
" " 1881 in Kaschau, Steinamanger, Alexandrien, and Lutscha
" " 1882 in Tiza-Eszlar and Galata
" " 1884 in Skurz
" " 1885 in Mit-Kamar
" " 1886 in Grodno and Constantinople
" " 1887 in Budapest, Pressburg, Saloni, Samacoff, Kaschau, and Caiffa
" " 1888 in Budapest and Breslau
" " 1889 in Kustendji, Varna, Aleppo, and Pressburg
" " 1890 in Damascus and Beyrut
" " 1891 in Xanten, Philippoli, Yamboli, Smyrna, Budapest, and Korfu
" " 1893 in Malta, Cologne, and Posen
" " 1899 in Polna
" " 1900 in Konitz
" " 1911 in Kiev
" " 1926 in Breslau
" " 1928 in Gladbeck
" " 1929 in Manau
" " 1931 in Jerusalem
" " 1932 in Paderborn

All these murderous crimes committed against non-Jewish society which, until now, are more or less unsolved, not to mention all the millions of Gentiles killed in Russia during the past eighteen years, through direct or indirect Jewish assistance, all these acts of violence still cry to heaven. . . .

Why, then, ye Jews, do you try to put something over on a man who by chance happens to belong to a nation and race not yours?

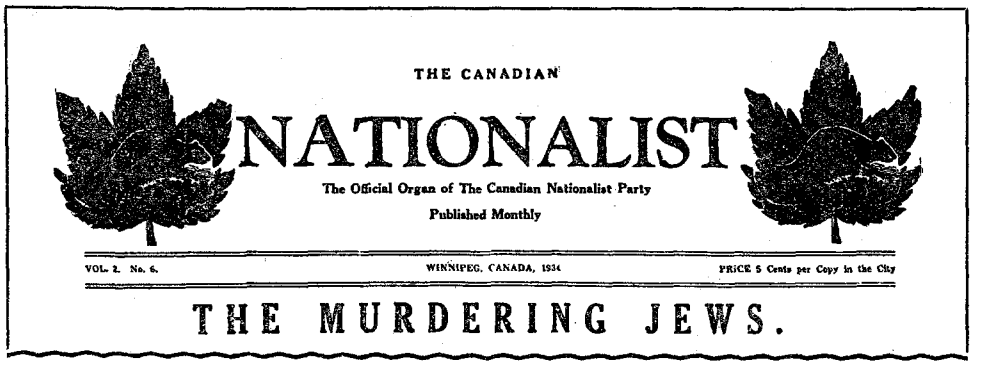
Is this half-bridled fanaticism of yours anything else but a desperate attempt to hide the Jew Isadore Fisch, from whom Hauptmann says he received the box with the ransom money, and whose guilt would reflect upon your own race? Or is all that feverish activity of yours against the accused Bruno Richard Hauptmann anything else but your revengeful attempt to express your antagonism against Germany of whom you consider Hauptmann a representative? Why, ye Jews, then exploit the Lindbergh baby murder case politically with the veiled intention of satisfying your own racial antagonism? Such a procedure possibly might not turn out exactly to your own benefit.

The only legend appearing on the second handbill is this end line: "Single copies, 10 cents; 10 copies, 75 cents; 100 copies $6." Where copies are to be obtained is not stated.

The legend of ritual murders has plagued the Western world for centuries, and only lately have Jews thought of bringing it before a court of justice. An extremely important case of this nature was recently tried before the King's Bench of Winnipeg, Canada. A violently Nazi monthly, the Canadian *Nationalist*, the "Official Organ of the Canadian Nationalist Party," had been published in that city for some time, and had been causing grave concern to the local Jews. In the issue distributed late in January, 1935, the paper printed a long and extraordinarily vicious libel against the Jewish race. The following two extracts from the leading article, signed by A. S. Leese, give an idea of its contents:

> It is an established fact that ritual murder is practiced by Jews and there are scores of recorded cases.
>
> However unpleasant it may be, Aryans should realize that this pestilential Jewish nation has attained its present world power largely through the great British people. The Jew is essentially different from the Briton; the same Jew who will smile and fawn upon you when he wants something from you will injure you cheerfully if it suits him. No Aryan can have the slightest social contact with Jews without detriment to himself.

A Winnipeg Jew, William Tobias, immediately sued the editors, owners, and managers of the Canadian *Nationalist*, to wit, "Herman H. Neufeld and Anna K. Neufeld, carrying on business under the firm name and style of Rundschau Publishing Company, and William Whittaker." The Honorable Mr. Justice Montague heard the case, and on February 13, 1935, handed down this decision:


THE CANADIAN
NATIONALIST
The Official Organ of The Canadian Nationalist Party
Published Monthly
VOL. 2. No. 6. WINNIPEG, CANADA, 1934 PRICE 5 Cents per Copy in the City
THE MURDERING JEWS.

This court doth order and adjudge that the defendant, Whittaker, his servants and agents be perpetually restrained from further continuing writing, printing, or causing to be printed, circulating, distributing, or otherwise publishing the libel on the Jewish race and those professing the Jewish creed contained in the issue of the Canadian *Nationalist*, Vol. II, No. 6, referred to in the statement of claim or any similar libels injuriously affecting those belonging to the Jewish race or professing the Jewish creed.

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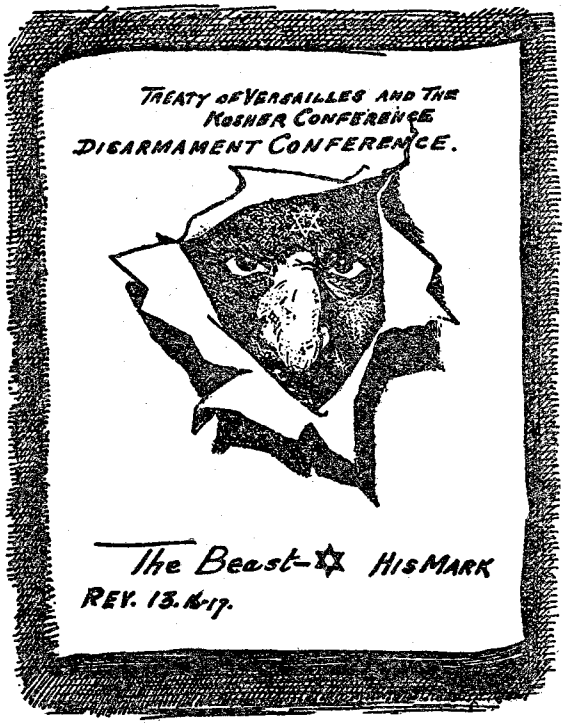
The court also ordered the defendants to pay the costs of the trial, and the Canadian *Nationalist* never appeared again.

Since the World War several American states have adopted laws penalizing the spread of false news. Such laws

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY



The Swiss medal presented to the Delegates of the Disarmament Conference bears on one face the double triangle, or Solomon's Seal enclosing the Sun, representing the Jewish domination of the Aryan at Geneva.

Illustration and Comment from Page One of the Canadian Nationalist

are a definite danger to free speech, but since they are on the statute books it might be interesting to experiment with them toward the end of curbing anti-Semitic propaganda. Even under the ordinary criminal-libel statutes in the United States a group which has been libeled can prosecute provided it is fairly definite in the number of its members. A case in point was tried in the state courts of Illinois several years ago. A local American Legion post carried out a successful prosecution in the instance of an attack upon its membership. But apparently it is still possible to libel with impunity a whole race in Illinois, as the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League have been libeling the Jews in Chicago for several years.

Before leaving the American National Socialist League, there is one important fact to be noted. I have very reliable information to indicate that some time in January three of the leaders of the League—Meyer, Brinck, and Procht—conferred with ex-Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, or with his representatives, for the purpose of launching him as a Presidential candidate in 1936. Under what party label it is impossible to say at the moment. Mr. McFadden was defeated for reelection in November, 1934. He is a notorious anti-Semite and has been convicted of embezzlement in New York State.

Mention has heretofore been made of Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, who sold a Gutenberg Bible to the Library of Congress and who has carried on Nazi propaganda in the United States. He testified before the Dickstein committee that he had paid thousands of dollars of his own funds to circularize anti-Semitic and fascist "memoranda." He also testified that Ambassador Hans Luther had warned him not to "mix in American politics," and he promised that he would cease his propaganda work and not return to Germany. But he did return to Germany within ten days of his testimony, and while he was in Germany, in January, 1935, another Nazi "memorandum" was circulated in this country from his Los Angeles address. He returned to the United States some time in February. He has been going back and forth for the past thirty-five years. While he was in the United States early in March, he decided to make an innovation in his Nazi activities. His "memoranda" now contain almost no mention of Jews, but refer in a rather high-toned, academic manner to "the racial question." The following copy of a letter by him is revealing:

DR. OTTO H. F. VOLLBEHR
2424 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES

March 5, 1935.

Mr. J. C. Prechtel,
Terre Haute Advocate,
Terre Haute, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Prechtel :

During my recent visit in Germany , I met the Director of the Racial-Political Department of the NSDAP, Dr. Walter Gross. In the course of the conversation I asked him to write down for me his point of view about the racial question, possibly in form of an article. Today's mail brought me his write-up , and I take pleasure in sending it to you for publication in your esteemed newspaper. The theme is a most timely one, and I am sure it will be of interest to you as well as to all your readers. No other newspaper has as yet received a copy of it for I wanted you to have the first chance of printing it. If, however, for any reason,you should be unable to give it some space in your newspaper, I would greatly appreciate your returning the manuscript to me.

In case of publication kindly let me have three copies of the edition.

Sincerely yours,

Otto H. F. Vollbehr

OTTO H. F. VOLLBEHR

Encl.

Mr. Prechtel, who is the editor and manager of the Terre Haute *Advocate,* did print Dr. Walter Gross's "write-up" in the issue for Friday, March 15, 1935. It appears on page four, directly under the masthead, and is entitled The World and Racial Idea in Germany Today. It is as "scientific" as the writings of Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, and it is full of "good-feeling." A quotation follows:

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It must be emphasized with all firmness that National Socialism has not the slightest intention of disparaging other races or branding them as inferior. What we do combat is the old fable of the equality of all people and the contention that no difference whatever exists between them. But in determining the dissimilarity of the large groups of races on earth we do not by any means criticize disapprovingly any one of them. We only lay stress on the necessity for all races and peoples on earth to preserve their special individuality according to blood as the Creator designed. [All races other than Aryan are the guests of Germany.] And our enemies are all those out in the world who spread false reports, or . . . try to misuse hospitality at home which the Führer and with him racially proud Germany offers to her guests from other nations.

Dr. Vollbehr and his crowd of Nazi anti-Semitic propagandists were made very happy some weeks ago by the report of the arrival in this country, on the North German Lloyd liner Europa, of General Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, a high official in the Gestapo, the Nazi secret police. His purpose, it was said, was to try to bring peace and harmony between the Friends of New Germany and the American National Socialist League. The publicity department of the North German Lloyd told me, however, that Lettow-Vorbeck had not come to this country, having "postponed his visit," and that he was still in Germany. A close check reveals that this is probably so. In a further article I shall have more to say about him, and shall also present documents dealing with other varieties of vicious propaganda.

Wallace the Great Hesitater

By PAUL W. WARD

BOTH Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and Rexford Guy Tugwell, his Under Secretary, were born beyond their time. Tugwell, a third-rate Voltaire trying to be a second-rate Rousseau, should have been a French or English courtier when the Industrial Revolution was in its infancy. Wallace, one of the most admirable and ridiculous figures of the New Deal, should have been born in the Middle Ages and set himself in the quiet of a cloister garden to commune with his soul and the infinite while finding out the laws of hybridism, "untroubled," as Bateson says of the nineteenth-century monk, Mendel, "by any itch to make potatoes larger or bread cheaper."

The tardiness of their nativities is important. It helps to explain why Wallace persists in hoping, and Tugwell in believing, that they and their end of the New Deal are opening the gates to the more abundant life when in actuality they are only holding them open for the Trojan horse which the forces of reaction are building. Each thinks he is describing the future when each—Wallace with his "new frontiers" and Tugwell with his "third economy"—is merely describing the past. Neither can see that there is no time for the gradualist programs they espouse. Neither can see that there is no time or need for America to repeat the history of Europe, and that unless drastic action is taken to rout permanently the forces of reaction before they rally for their next attack, the United States will plunk straight into fascism instead of first taking the preparatory steps followed by Germany, Italy, and Spain.

It is doubtful whether either could bring himself to advocate or direct a drastic course of action, even if their White House boss would let them. In the present crisis each is psychologically immobilized by his middle-class roots. Each makes preservation of "human liberties" a prerequisite to change, mistaking "human liberties" for the minor privileges and creature comforts to which their middle-class rearing has wedded them and forgetting that, as Stolberg and Vinton have put it, "under capitalism not man but property is free and equal."

Of the two men Wallace is the more difficult to explain, for his is a tripartite personality. There are Wallace the politician, Wallace the scientist, and Wallace the Christian mystic, and of these three personalities the third is dominant. Wallace, in short, is a queer duck. Isadora Duncan would have loved him. So would Gandhi, Krishnamurti, and Bernarr Macfadden. He has almost as many idiosyncrasies as Upton Sinclair. He dabbles in astrology and numerology, consorts with poets ranging from "Æ" down to obscure ones with such noms de plume as "The Alabama Wildcat," and corresponds regularly, it is reported, with an Indian medicine man. He is, in addition, a vegetarian. When the 1934 drought was at its height and the prospects of a food shortage formed the chief topic at Wallace's press conferences, his aides stood by in fear and trembling lest he suddenly burst political bonds and lecture the nation on its dietary needs, advocating a shift in the human cuisine to peanuts, Russian thistles, and swamproot.

These idiosyncrasies probably are traceable to the loneliness of Wallace's childhood among the corn and hogs of Iowa. So, too, perhaps is the most puzzling aspect of his temperament—his religiosity. Though he comes of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, his faith at times seems to be an amalgam of Buddhism, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, and Eddyism. His sincerity awes all beholders, even when he grows remorseful over the savageness of his tennis strokes, fearing that the will to win thus displayed is a departure from the cheek-turning Christian ethic.

That there is nothing smug or self-righteous about the man is shown by the way he impresses persons in frequent contact with him. They readily excuse his inaction at critical moments, though hating its effect. They say it is due to his belief that behind all things there is an Unseen Power mysteriously at work for the greater good of all, or to his feeling—he is given to bursts of Spenglerian pessimism—that what is done by or happens to so insignificant a mote in the universe as man matters little today or tomorrow. The skeptic can reply only that the same might have been said for Pontius Pilate, a reply that brings up the manner in which Wallace washed his hands of Frank, Pressman, and Jackson when those champions of the public interest were fired from the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in the "purge" last February.

There have been several public manifestations of Wal-

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lace's etherealness. For example, there was the time when, after telling the American Association for the Advancement of Science that he was for "a Christian, cooperative, democratic state," he added: "I fear, however, that in our social and economic life the objectives must always come from that mysterious realm which all engineers and scientists should treat with the greatest respect but with which engineering and scientific methods are totally unable to grapple."

That was in December, 1933, when he had been in office nine months. The passage of time has not changed him. Neither has it clarified his views. Last February, when he had been in office nearly twenty-four months, he proclaimed before the National Education Association his personal opposition to both communism and fascism, saying: "They are all materialistic and godless." It was in the same speech that he asserted his belief that capitalism "is going to be modified," and that "if we endeavor to escape [from the depression] by cheap temporary means, we will eventually suffer intense chaos and disintegration and there will be no escape." But the closest he could come to defining a way out was a vague reference to some Land of Tomorrow—one of his favorite phrases—where there would be a "balance between liberty on the one hand and security on the other."

That speech before the Education Association is noteworthy for having been an extemporaneous utterance. It is unsafe to place great dependence on Wallace's state papers as a key to his mentality, for they are in large part the work of ghost writers. Thus his *Collier's* piece, suggesting that a Supreme Economic Council—nine more wise old owls—be set up to convert the Constitution into a ticket for all of us to the Promised Land, was at core the work of Russell Lord, a free-lance writer then attached to the federal payroll. There is some doubt that Wallace saw the core before the whole appeared in print. At any rate, Mr. Lord's brain child, appearing over Mr. Wallace's signature, won the latter ten demerits from the liberals or, as he himself more coyly put it, "a spanking." More amusing still is the fact that many of the articles and speeches with which Wallace keeps New Deal spurs cemented to his heels are written for him by a professionally obscure gentleman named Jack Fleming, who with equal facility used to compose state papers for two Old Dealers, Jardine and Hyde. Mr. Fleming is the dean of the Agriculture Department ghost writers.

Although Wallace is the ablest social philosopher inside the New Deal's picket lines, he has had at bottom only two things to say. One of his two themes is, "This hurts me more than it does you." The other and less disarming one is, "Two wrongs don't make a right but at least they help a lot." Pied-piping skilful variations on these two themes, he has charmed a continent and turned both the public's and his own attention away from the whopping fallacies of the AAA program he is administering. He has persuaded millions, including himself, that the AAA really offers a new deal to the farming masses—that whereas crop reduction is wrong and to him abhorrent, it is agriculture's sole means of recompensing itself for industry's scarcity economics, and it not only can but will be abandoned when, as, and if America's tariff walls are razed. In the process he has won for the AAA the title of "most successful New Deal agency," whereas closer examination proves the AAA to have been astonishingly like and no more successful than the NRA. For himself he has won almost universal acceptance, in Washington at least, as the strong man of the Roosevelt Cabinet.

Strangely enough, the only important personage who has been deaf to Wallace's siren piping is his boss, President Roosevelt. Months ago, by semi-official courier, word was carried to Wallace that the New Deal Messiah's affection for him was ebbing fast. It was no news to Wallace, and on second thought it should not be news to anyone else. Presidents traditionally do not like to hear talk of their successors, and people were talking of Wallace at that time as a President in bud. Furthermore, Wallace, a man of surpassing candor and dignity, had not seen fit to wet down his state papers with lathers of praise for the President, referring to him only in such tepid terms as "the most popular President of recent times." Finally, Wallace publicly had criticized some of Roosevelt's basic ideas; he had slashed at the tariff, punctured the NRA balloon, said a number of unkind things about Roosevelt's pet, the subsidized merchant marine, and ridiculed his monetary manipulations, calling them "money magic."

There are several other small but no less important reasons why Roosevelt probably was bound to sour on Wallace. Roosevelt likes smart, dazzling fellows like Richberg, Moley, and Farley. Wallace is shy and sincere and, in addition, looks like a cultured clodhopper. Worst of all, he is full of profound abstractions, and abstractions, especially profound ones, make Roosevelt uncomfortable. Then, to cap the climax, there is Tugwell, that peacock in the AAA's back pasture. Tugwell is another of Roosevelt's pets and Tugwell has soured on Wallace. The tie that once bound them closely together has turned out to be a rope of sand. Drenched in the sinfulness of Columbia University, Rex has no patience with Wallace's monastic inclinations. He has come to regard Wallace as being too much under the spell of those Tory clans, the regular farm organizations, and as having a point of view limited to the acres of a Midwestern farm.

Of course, the way Wallace unconsciously held Tugwell up to ridicule at the time of the AAA "purge" may have had something to do with all this. The victims of that catharsis were all friends of Tugwell's, and when Wallace was asked whether Tugwell had been consulted in advance of the guillotining, honesty compelled him to answer that Rex, the grand panjandrum of the now vestigial Brain Trust, had had nothing to do with the AAA for eight months. Dr. Tugwell, he vouchsafed, was busy "coordinating the scientific work of the Department of Agriculture." All of which forced Tugwell to come panting back to Washington from Florida, dash straight to the White House, and emerge a little later with a complimentary ticket from Roosevelt to a seat on the AAA's operating council. When Wallace was questioned about this display of Tugwell's White House strength, he replied with one of his self-conscious grins: "Dr. Tugwell has an unusual understanding of the sociological forces in this country."

Roosevelt would have liked to make Tugwell his Secretary of Agriculture at the outset, had it been good politics and had Tugwell been willing. Tugwell was not only unwilling to be Secretary; it took a rich share of persuading to get him to accept the post of Assistant Secretary in which

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he began his New Deal career. Although he once wrote a poem asserting, "I will roll up my sleeves—make America over," he is essentially an academician, aloof and cold almost to the point of snobbishness. In him there burns no fire such as singes Wallace's soul. Furthermore, his political ineptness time after time embroils him in situations that make him yearn to be back on the campus.

Wallace, who also dislikes administrative work, was not Roosevelt's second choice for Secretary of Agriculture; he was third choice. Second-choice man was the Dutchess County apple boy, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., but politics overruled that one too, and the lot then fell to Wallace, who was surprised but willing. Not the least of the reasons for his willingness was the fact that he needed the job; his family's paper, *Wallace's Farmer*—founded by his grandfather, a farmer and minister, and kept alive by his father, the late Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding and Coolidge—was in financial difficulties. It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that a Cabinet member's salary was all that lured Wallace from his editorial sanctum. What really uprooted him was the tumult in his evangelical heart on getting the call from Roosevelt, who so avidly and flatteringly had sopped up Wallace's ideas for campaign use in 1932. Some of them were good ideas, too, for Wallace has a sound technical background. His work with seed corn and his contributions to the statistical methods of scientific research and economics had won him a fame among agronomists that would have lasted had he never attained a seat among the elect of Washington.

The Democratic way to the nation's capital had been prepared for Wallace four years earlier. A Republican, he had plunked for Smith in 1928 rather than vote for his father's old foe, Herbert Hoover, who as Secretary of Commerce in 1923 had spent half his time throwing monkey wrenches into the farm bloc's machinery and time after time had capsized the McNary-Haugenites' craft while the elder Wallace valiantly strove to keep it afloat. It was Tugwell who brought the younger Wallace into the Roosevelt camp. Tugwell also had been a member of the Smith camp in 1928, but his usefulness there had been limited, for Al couldn't savvy the agricultural program Rex drew up for him. Moley recruited him for Roosevelt in 1932 along with Chester C. Davis, present Agricultural Adjustment Administrator, and his predecessor, George N. Peek. Peek and Davis had run Smith's Presidential campaign in the corn and wheat belts.

Davis, one-time publisher of the *Montana Farmer* and former Commissioner of Agriculture in that state, where he was regarded by the copper interests as a "dangerous liberal," had worked with the elder Wallace at Washington. He was a staunch McNary-Haugenite like Peek, who, with General Hugh S. Johnson, in 1922, when both were struggling to sell Moline plows, had evolved the "fair exchange" or "parity payment" idea that later was to form the backbone of the Agricultural Adjustment Act drafted by Peek's personal counsel, Fred Lee. Into this group Davis brought M. L. Wilson, a former Montana State College professor of agricultural economics. Now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Wilson is popularly credited with originating the domestic-allotment plan now applied to wheat, because from 1931 on he had been chief propagandist for the idea, which was really evolved by W. J. Spillman, a Department of Agriculture economist.

Tugwell, Wilson, and Wallace had met and sworn blood brotherhood at a land-use conference at Chicago a few years earlier. So it was in truth an interlocking directorate instead of an ill-assorted group that shaped the New Deal's agricultural program, the only one of its programs that had attained more than foetal outlines before Roosevelt took over the White House. It was forecast in the essence of its present form when Roosevelt made his "farm" speech at Topeka in September, 1932, and that speech was the work of the group just mentioned.

It may seem strange that with men like Peek and Johnson having had so large a share in its making the AAA should have been able to live down its initial abortions—the useless slaughter of pigs and the plowing under of cotton—and attain repute, while its industrial counterpart, the NRA, was sliding into disrepute. But that is understandable on closer view and not merely because Johnson and his Blue Eagle stole the show, drawing attention away from Wallace's circus. For one thing, the AAA from the beginning was a smoother-running organization than the NRA. It had a definite, honestly stated goal—to push farm prices up until the value of the farmer's dollar in relation to the city slicker's dollar was the same as in the 1909-14 period. It was narrower in scope, agriculture not yet having attained the manifold variegations of industry, and it had no Section 7-a to give it toothaches. It had a mass of authentic data illuminating almost all the problems with which it had to grapple, and for grapplers it had ready at hand an almost inexhaustible supply of trained personnel in the Department of Agriculture, with its Extension Service reaching into every county, and in the state farm bureaus and agricultural-college faculties. Finally, and most important, it needed no Blue Eagles, no threats of boycott, to enforce its program; it paid "benefit payments" for compliance to the tune of $800,000,000 a year.

But despite all this and despite the additional fact that the AAA, far more than any other New Deal agency, has had the benefit of Brain Trust ministrations, it has failed, and now, with its second birthday in sight, is hanging on the ropes. Prices on only two of the fourteen basic commodities under its control—corn and flue-cured tobacco—have reached parity levels, and consumers already are thundering protests with such force that the AAA in self-defense must advertise another aspect of its failure by pointing out that of every three dollars spent by consumers for food less than one dollar goes to the farmer, the rest being gobbled up by middlemen. Its cotton crop-control program is rapidly closing foreign markets to this once great export crop and leading to the preemption of those markets by cotton producers of other lands, while it is promoting increased misery among those twentieth-century serfs, the share-croppers, and leading to bloodshed in eastern Arkansas because the planter psychology of the AAA's cotton experts and Wallace's fear of the Southern contingent in Congress prevent remedial action.

Its marketing agreements, fostered largely by H. R. Tolley, furloughed director of the Giannini Foundation, which is financed by California packers and their bankers, rival some of the worst NRA codes in their monopolistic aspects. Its milk program is in shambles, rent by adverse

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court decisions and the Administration's unwillingness to come to grips with the milk trust, though dairying accounts for one-fourth of farm income in the United States. Lobbies backed by manufacturers, packers, shippers, and distributors threaten to destroy by Congressional action the processing-tax mechanism by which it raises funds with which to purchase compliance, and its personnel is torn by petty jealousies fanned by a system of espionage disturbingly fascist in its nuances.

Neither the razing of tariff walls on which Wallace counted nor the "quarter turn of the human heart" on which he once said economic salvation depends has come about. Nor would it do much good if they did, for after two years of the New Deal the farmer's central problem—debt—still remains untouched. Out of every dollar spent on farm relief, it has been estimated, only six cents sticks to the farmer's fingers, the rest going to the creditors.

With a sentence of doom ringing in his ears, Wallace stands among the ruins of all he surveys, still posing dilemmas and muttering, "America must choose," but unable to choose himself—still brilliant of mind but unable to make that mind up. He is, as somebody else recently has dubbed him, the Great Hesitater.

[*The fourth article of Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room," Harry Hopkins, Tailor to the Existing Order, will appear in the issue of May 22.*]

Get Your Winning Colors

By LEFT WING

THE traveling salesman put his suitcase down and looked across the room at the group of giggling boys and girls. "What kind of celebration is that?" The man behind the information booth leaned both elbows on the counter, shifted a toothpick to the other side of his face, and replied: "Young fella from the high school over to Hopkinton, breaking into big-league baseball. Yep, they're giving him a try out on the Cards. He leaves for the training camp on the 4:38."

It was hard to pick out the hero in the crowd because everyone was dressed alike. The girls wore cheap dresses, cheaper coats, socks without stockings, while the boys were hatless, dressed in sweaters and mackinaws, and carried bunches of books under both arms. The sound of their voices echoed cheerfully through the huge room, but the cheerfulness seemed not to communicate itself to a boy of eighteen who stood about twenty feet from the group talking earnestly to another boy and girl. He was hard to recognize as a hero, hard, that is, unless you realize that in American sport our heroes are picked for us. We do not choose them; they are there, and high-school boy or college graduate, we worship as we are told.

This particular hero was a gawky youth not out of his teens, young, it appeared, to undergo the strains of big-league baseball. But the frown on his face indicated that he appreciated what lay ahead. He had on a freshly pressed blue suit and a new necktie and carried an overcoat. On a bench beside him were a girl and a woman, his mother and sister. Had the scene been laid in a European railway station, you would have merely put it down as another youth going off to perform his military service, and paid no more attention.

An announcer pushed open the outer door and threw life into the room: "Hartford, New Haven, New York, and points south." There was a rustle and stir along the benches. Awaiting the cue from their hero, the crowd of boys and girls followed him toward the exit at a correct distance, one lad carrying his overcoat, another his suitcase, to which was strapped an oiled and well-tanned bat, the only visible emblem of his trade. All eyes in the station were on him as he slouched across the floor. But the role of celebrity was not enjoyable; he mooched up the stairs to the train with relief.

His followers had ceased giggling, there was not a smile in the crowd; they were as impressed by the seriousness of the moment as the hero himself. Round him they crowded with fumbling, awkward handshakes; then they retreated a few feet off across the platform while he leaned over, kissed the thin, parched old lady, embraced the girl, and hopped up the steps to the coach as if the train had been pulling out.

The train, however, remained stationary. There was nothing for him to do but sit rather foolishly at the window, his mother and sister standing below and the camp followers across the platform curiously gaping. Last week he was Bill, a boy sitting with them in the history class throwing spit balls at odd moments; that afternoon he was a hero, he had been chosen to join the elect of the earth. He might get a berth on the Champs. He might get his name and picture in the paper. Might even collect a cut on the World's Series. No wonder they stood apart, awestruck and silent, as one of their number rode out to fame.

The end came with a whistle from the engine. The old woman gave a gesture of goodby and an attempt at a smile. The group came to life, a few grinned foolishly and waved their arms, most of them simply stood with open mouths as they had been for half an hour. There was no noise or cheering, nothing to indicate that one of them was embarking on a great adventure. They were too impressed to yell; it must have been that which gave an air of solemnity to the occasion. The last sight our hero had was of a gang of gawkers standing on the platform like bums before the corner store. Then the station disappeared. He picked up a copy of *True Stories* and started reading as if he had never seen a magazine before in his life.

* * * * *

The Director of Athletics rose to polite applause from the five hundred Harvard graduates seated on uncomfortable chairs in the big hall. He was the typical American athlete reached forty—flabby, pudgy about the neck and chin. But with that brisk, business-like manner he might have been the second vice-president of a metropolitan bank trying to explain away some shady deal at the annual meeting of the stockholders.

Indeed, he was just a little put to it as he began to introduce the new football coach of the university. The

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difference between the standards of athletics at Cambridge and the personality of the newcomer was not easy to reconcile for anyone who read the newspapers, and the director found some difficulty at the start in explaining why one of the most notorious go-getters in college athletics should have been called to Harvard. He did admit that the gentleman's unfortunate reputation had preceded him, but explained this away by some curious logic. It appeared that an investigation had proved that notwithstanding the new leader's proselytizing at his former post, his freshmen had lost twenty-eight out of thirty-five games. This astonishing ratiocination drew no objections from his listeners, and the new coach, R. C. Harlow, stood up.

Why was he chosen at all? Simply because Harvard couldn't take it any more. Five or six years of unsuccessful football teams were too much; the graduates rebelled. They couldn't take it, neither could the Director of Athletics, who saw his gate receipts falling away in an alarming manner and his job endangered. That Harvard had in the past been an oasis of sanity in an athletic-mad college world meant nothing. Standards of value were not considered. The only solution was to get a winning team, a winning team at any cost. That meant the right kind of coach, and Harlow of Western Maryland turned out winners. Never mind his methods, results count. So there he was, the new executive being officially presented to the stockholders of the corporation.

In a sentence, he is the kind of man you'll never meet in a psychoanalyst's anteroom. For he is a typical extrovert —the big, broad-shouldered type who calls you by your first name ten minutes after he has met you. He looks like what he is, a successful football coach. No doubts about life. Football is a great game. Those who deserve to win will win. Fight to the end. Morale. Team play. Block. Tackle. Fight.

He knew his audience—or was it that he had been warned? In any event he dealt wisely in generalities which could mean everything or nothing according to one's point of view. He gave them exactly what the majority had come to hear, ringing sentences that seem full of significance when heard but when taken to pieces are fustian. "I have long dreamed of being here with you men of Harvard tonight... your generous loyalty...your unwavering support...the wonderful bunch of boys at Cambridge...justify the trust you have placed in me. . . . Football is a dike against the flood of soft living. . . . Never saw a football player at the head of a Communist parade. . . . Let's keep the old game rugged...the fine spirit of Harvard..."

He cleverly avoided any details about important matters at issue, neglecting carefully to inform his hearers just how he would obtain prep-school stars if prep-school stars showed a tendency to matriculate at New Haven and Princeton. Nor did he explain that a slightly different attitude toward sport would prevail at Cambridge, that next fall each man would have his name plastered across the front of his jersey. These and other details were left in the background. He said just enough and not too much. Deftly flattering, subtly insinuating that victory was just around the corner, he ended with a paean to the Harvard spirit and its sudden effect upon the Sassenach from the South, which left his hearers in a rosy glow.

Who were they, those open-mouthed idolators? They were not merely citizens of the metropolitan area; their mental existence was not, as Ellis Roberts remarked, "bounded by a cocktail shaker and the *New Yorker*." No, they were graduates of a great university. Heaven help us all, they were educated men.

But we do not choose our heroes. They are made for us; high-school boy or college graduate, we worship as we are told. Like sheep those men sat transfixed by the platitudes and banalities from their hero's mouth, exactly like the boys and girls on the station platform staring at their friend in the coach. The man standing before them was the new head coach. Above criticism, a superman, as aloof and mighty in his sphere as the recruit for the Cardinals was to the boys with whom he had attended classes.

If a single person in the audience realized that this was a formal surrender of Harvard, one of the last ramparts of sanity in sport, to the god of victory-at-any-cost, he kept still. If one listener untouched by mass emotion retained enough perspicacity to raise a voice of protest, he was unheard. Not a word of criticism for this man coming to change all the athletic traditions of a great university. In this body of presumably mature men were the same wide-eyed admiration, the identical signs of hero-worship, that shone on the faces of the boys and girls who watched their friend and schoolmate ride off to the training camps of Florida. The hero of the high school is the hero of the college man.

Reflection on the South

By MARTHA GRUENING

SHARP attacks have been made in the Senate upon the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill. Among the most vocal of those opposed to the bill is Senator Smith of South Carolina. According to the New York *Times* for April 17, Senator Smith "described the bill as a reflection on the South, insisted that Southern womanhood be protected, demanded that the matter be left to the states, and said the measure indicted the South as lawless and barbarous."

The provisions of the Costigan-Wagner bill—which are not restricted to Southern states—give jurisdiction to federal courts over local violence. The bill provides severe punishment for peace officers who are convicted in a federal court of failing to protect their prisoners from a mob, and still more drastic penalties for officers thus found guilty of conspiring with the mob; and it establishes indemnities payable by the counties involved to persons injured through such dereliction of duty or to families of persons killed. Some states, notably South Carolina, have laws containing similar provisions, but these laws are almost never enforced.

On July 4, 1933, Norris Dendy, a colored man, was lynched near Clinton, South Carolina. His alleged offense was striking a white man who had become abusive in a heated argument between them. Dendy, a powerful man, left the scene of the quarrel unmolested but later in the day was arrested on a charge of "reckless driving" and lodged in the Clinton jail. That night a mob dragged him out of the jail, threw him into a waiting car, and drove away with him at high speed. Next day his body was found some miles away from Clinton. He had apparently been beaten and strangled

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to death. In spite of the sworn testimony of the Denby family and other eyewitnesses, who named several white citizens of Clinton and three of the town's police officers as members of the mob, the coroner's jury, composed of friends and relatives of the lynchers, decided that Norris Dendy met death "at the hands of parties unknown." Later, largely through the untiring efforts of the dead man's brother, Robert Dendy of New York, the evidence was brought to Governor Blackwood's attention. As a result presentments for murder were drawn up against five white men and placed before the grand jury which met at Laurens, South Carolina, in February, 1934. This jury adjourned without taking any action, and the next grand jury to consider the evidence, meeting in June, 1934, also failed to find indictments.

In the meantime anonymous threatening letters sent to the aforementioned witnesses had effectually deterred two of them from returning to South Carolina to testify. A letter written to Mr. Dendy by a state detective on stationery bearing the seal of South Carolina sums up the matter as follows: "The grand jury at the past sessions court at Laurens . . . *regardless of the testimony of witnesses,* found a no-bill. It is just like I told you in the beginning; when a grand jury refuses to indict, *officers of the state and county are helpless.*" (Italics mine.) Federal juries cannot be so easily counted on to refuse to indict or to find that lynchers posing proudly for photographs "could not be identified." This may explain Senator Smith's objection to federal juries.

Perhaps no recent lynching offers more complete justification for the Costigan-Wagner bill or shows up more effectively the flimsiness of the usual excuses for lynching. The protection of Southern womanhood, white or black, was not involved, though the mob in its zeal did knock down Norris Dendy's mother, a woman over seventy, as she pleaded vainly for her son's life. The lynchers are well known in the community; yet after two years no one has been punished or even indicted for the crime. The accused police officers were not even suspended while the charges against them were being investigated, and the victim's family has not received one penny of the compensation provided by the South Carolina law in such cases.

Senator Smith to the contrary notwithstanding, there have been white South Carolinians, too, who could bear witness to the inadequacy of state protection against lynchers. There was, for instance, Sheriff John Thomas of Walhalla. He was clubbed into unconsciousness on the night of April 23, 1930, by the mob that took the Negro, Allen Green, from jail, tied him to a tree, and riddled him with bullets. Green was accused of raping a white woman on evidence so patently faked that the sheriff explained his unpreparedness for the attack—the mob had found him asleep—by saying that he had not supposed anyone really believed the charge against his prisoner. Eventually seventeen of the lynchers were put on trial, but in spite of positive identification of two of them by the sheriff and his son and strong evidence against several others, all were acquitted. Two years later one of these defendants, Laudy Harris, confessed publicly that he had been the leader of the mob that lynched Green.

Is it necessary to recall the Aiken cases? One of the three Negro victims of mob savagery in that affair had been acquitted by a directed verdict and the other two, a woman and a fifteen-year-old boy, were awaiting trial, having successfully appealed from a conviction for "conspiracy to murder." The grand jury failed to find indictments though the lynchers were well known. Has Senator Smith, "insisting that the matter be left to the states," also forgotten Anthony Crawford? Crawford was lynched in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1916 under circumstances that closely resembled those in the case of Norris Dendy. He was a substantial and respected farmer of Abbeville County and saw no reason for taking a white man's abuse. In the course of a dispute with a white merchant over the price of some cotton seed, Crawford cursed the white man. For this he was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and fined fifteen dollars. A white mob, outraged at such leniency shown to an "impudent" Negro, pursued him with the avowed intention of giving him a beating, finally cornering him in a cotton gin in which he had taken refuge. When Crawford struck the leader of the crowd in self-defense he was partly blinded, then kicked, stabbed, and beaten into insensibility. Rescued by a fluke, he was thrown into jail, only to be seized again and then with further torture dragged through the streets to the fair grounds, where he was hanged and then shot. As usual, no member of the crowd could be identified, but the decent white citizens of Abbeville were aroused. They were not able to secure the punishment of the lynchers, but they called meetings and passed resolutions condemning them and their apologists, and these resolutions ended significantly—nearly twenty years ago—with these words: "That if it be necessary . . . to carry out this determination the aid of *the state and federal government be called,* in order that every man may enjoy his rights under the constitution." (Italics mine.)

Correspondence

From Angelo Herndon

To the Editors of The Nation:

On Friday, April 12, I sat in the first of the two rows reserved for spectators in the Supreme Court of the United States, listening to the oral argument in the case of Angelo Herndon vs. the State of Georgia. I listened as Whitney North Seymour, retained by the International Labor Defense, made a brilliant and eloquent plea in which he proved that the old Georgia slave-insurrection law under which I was convicted and sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang was a direct violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

My first trial in Georgia, back in January, 1933, came sharply to my mind when J. Walter Le Craw, who had helped prosecute my case in the lower courts too, began his speech. The same ranting and raving and shouting. The same open call to race hatred. He asked the Supreme Court to uphold my sentence because I had in my possession Communist literature—he kept saying it was in a shoe box that I had under my arm when I was arrested, actually it was confiscated from my room without a search warrant—that said, "The Communists want to seize the land and give it to the niggers." After that first slip he was careful enough to say "Nigras."

But his appeal to the highest court was no different from the prosecution in Atlanta. No evidence was produced against me to prove that I advocated "force and violence." Even the

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Supreme Court judges kept asking him, "But what did he do to prove that he was organizing force and violence?"

What did I do to get a living-death sentence to the chain gang? About the middle of June, 1932, the State of Georgia closed down all relief stations. Even the official statements showed that this left more than 23,000 families to starvation. At the same time a drive was organized to send all the jobless "back to the farms." The reason for this was, so they said, that all funds for the unemployed had been completely exhausted. The officials also said that all those who were actually starving could come and present their cases to the commissioners of Fulton County.

At that time I was the organizer of the Unemployment Council in Atlanta. We decided to accept the officials' invitation. And more than a thousand unemployed, white and Negro together, marched to the offices of the city and county officials to present our demands for relief. It was very peaceful and orderly. When we got there we reminded them of the $800,000 that the Community Chest had collected, of which not one cent had gone for relief. The next day $6,000 was voted for relief.

About a week later, on July 11, 1932, I went to the post office to get my mail. I was arrested. I was held for eleven days without any charge against me. I was held incomunicado. On the fourth day the man who was in the cell with me died, and his corpse was left there for twenty-four hours.

Finally, after eleven days, the state returned an indictment against me charging me with "inciting to insurrection," under an old statute passed in 1861 when the Negro people were still chattel slaves. The statute read:

> If any person be in any manner instrumental in bringing, introducing, or circulating within the state any printed or written paper, pamphlet, or circular for the purpose of exciting insurrection, revolt, conspiracy, or resistance on the part of slaves, Negroes, or free persons of color in this state, he shall be guilty of high misdemeanor which is punishable by death.

Since the days of the Civil War that law had lain unused and almost forgotten. At the trial, which lasted for three days, the State of Georgia displayed the literature that had been taken from my room and read passages of it to the jury. They questioned me in great detail. Did I believe that the bosses and government ought to pay insurance to unemployed workers? That Negroes should have complete equality with white people? Did I believe in the demand for the self-determination of the Black Belt—that the Negro people should be allowed to rule the Black Belt territory, kicking out the white landlords and government officials? Did I feel that the working class could run the mills and mines and government?

I told them I believed all of that—and more.

The Reverend Solicitor Hudson loudly demanded the death penalty, but the jury recommended "mercy," and I was sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang. The two young Negro attorneys, Ben Davis, Jr., and John Geer, who had been retained by the I. L. D. to defend me immediately got to work on an appeal to the state Supreme Court. For twenty-six months I stayed in Fulton Tower jail.

I wrote letters, never knowing whether they would leave the jail or not, and I read what books and papers I had, and I waited. The day I heard that the International Labor Defense had had bail set for me, I packed up my belongings and got ready to go. The jailers laughed at me. "Bail set ain't bail raised," they said. But I knew I'd go. And I went. Penny by penny the enormous sum of $15,000 to get me out of jail was raised.

And now the decision is before the United States Supreme Court. If the verdict against me is upheld, it will mean much more than sending Angelo Herndon to die on the chain gang. It will mean upholding the right of the courts to take away every civil right of the American people. It will mean justifying the use of anti-labor criminal-syndicalism laws against every worker who tries to organize in a union for better conditions and higher pay. That's what is really the most important factor in my case.

New York, April 25 ANGELO HERNDON

Emma Goldman and Hearst

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I see much to my distress that the unscrupulous Hearst concern has made use of parts of my article on communism which appeared in the April *American Mercury*. I would like you and your readers to know that I had no truck with Hearst. That I never had in the past. Much less would I now have any with the black forces of which he is one of the worst in the United States. Permit me to explain that the article was ordered by Charles Angoff for the *Mercury* while that magazine was still owned by Alfred A. Knopf. Indeed, it was suggested by Mr. Angoff that I write on communism as conceived in Russia and from the anarchist point of view. Thereupon I wrote the article. The last chapter, which deals with anarchist communism, I naturally considered the most important as I didn't wish merely to give my critical opinion of the Russian brand. In addition, my title was Two Communisms—Bolshevist and Anarchist. It was agreed by Mr. Angoff that nothing was to be deleted from the article without my consent. Inasmuch as the proofs were read by a responsible person, Saxe Commins, I know that he didn't touch the last chapter. May I say here that the article was to appear last September or October. I don't know why it was delayed. Anyway, I was shocked beyond words to find the title changed and the last chapter left out entirely.

Now, as to Hearst. It is hardly necessary to point out that he did not make use of my article because he is interested in what is going on in Russia. Rather was it to bolster up his pernicious work in America. Unfortunately, there are many liberals and radicals who may not see the sinister motivation of Hearst's act. It is for this reason that I want the readers of *The Nation* to know that I have loathed Hearst and his papers ever since I can remember. It will amuse you to learn that in 1901 Mr. Hearst was willing to spend $20,000 on a scoop interview in order to help put me in the electric chair. He probably would have spent another $80,000 to achieve that worthy aim. It is therefore a travesty on human decency that he should use my work to back his own despicable designs. Frankly, I don't care so much about myself. It isn't the first or the last time that I have been charged with everything except kidnapping babies. But I do care intensely about the fight you are all making to rescue what few liberties America can still boast of. Keep up the good fight to stem the tide of the black forces let loose by Hearst and his clique.

Toronto, April 13 EMMA GOLDMAN

[I did not at any time "order" an article from Miss Goldman. She knows very well how her article reached me, and why she was paid for it. It is true that I kept the article for months. I refused to print it in the *Mercury* because I did not like it. It is true that her article, as it appeared in the April *Mercury*, was very different from the article as it originally reached me. But I am in no way responsible for the drastic cuts which were made in it. For them the present editor of the *Mercury* is alone responsible. I agree with Miss Goldman that the published form of her article does not present her point of view in its entirety, and I deplore the use which the Hearst papers made of it.—CHARLES ANGOFF.]

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What Can the American People Do?

How Can They Break The Big Business Grip?

The campaign of 1936 is beginning; and no one can understand it who has not read the story of the EPIC campaign of 1934, an experiment and a prophecy. The story has been told from the inside in

I, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR: And How I Got Licked

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Concerning the book the London *Times* writes:

Mr. Upton Sinclair was defeated in his bid for the Governorship of California, but no one is ever likely to beat him as his own publicity agent. He began the writing of this account of "how I got licked" a bare three days after the campaign's ending, completed it in less than five weeks, and had it appearing almost instantly in some sixty American newspapers! To be fair to him, it must be said that it is not himself but his ideas for which he seeks attention. Considering the circumstances of its writing, this record of the campaign is an astonishingly vigorous and good-natured piece of work.

John Haynes Holmes writes in "Unity":

The literature of Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement promises to become *epic* in proportions and character. This is the fifth volume of the series—and a thriller! The story it tells, of how the author captured the Democratic Party of California, ran for Governor, and was beaten by the most hideous eruption of demagoguery, slander, and personal betrayal known to contemporary annals in America would be incredible, were it not written by an honest man and backed by quotations, documents, pictures of facsimiles of unimpeachable authenticity. We can recall nothing like it since Ben Lindsay's "The Beast."

First and foremost among the impressions created by this book is that of sheer amazement at Sinclair's accomplishment . . . How it was done still remains a mystery. The reading of the exciting pages of this book, which gives an almost day by day account of the affair, leaves a wild and whirling impression. . . . Sinclair is a skilled writer, his soul was seared, and never has he done a better piece of work. The pages are like the successive explosions of a bunch of fire-crackers. Comedy mingles with tragedy, and irony with the plain, straight narrative of crime. No review can even begin to convey the sheer wickedness of those who fought the EPIC crusader. Words fail even to suggest the ingenuities of falsehood, chicanery, and treason which make up the catalogue of planned and plotted offenses. . . . We found ourself again and again laughing aloud at the sheer ridiculousness of successive episodes, and at the utterly comical way in which the writer set them forth. . . .

We recommend this book to all. It should be read for its own sake as a story of absorbing interest. It should be known as an unforgettable chapter in the political history of this country. Above all, it should be recognized and treasured as a first-hand account of a great uprising of the people in what every day becomes more clear as an era of supreme crisis in the destinies of America.

224 pages, 40 illustrations from the cartoons of the campaign, the faked circulars, the forged documents, etc. Price, paper bound $1, cloth bound $1.50.

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Order from the Author.

STATION A PASADENA CALIFORNIA

Jacques Roumain

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since you are already acquainted with the fate of the brilliant young Haitian writer, Jacques Roumain, and the seven other intellectuals who have been imprisoned in Haiti since October of last year, you will be interested in knowing that a committee has been formed to work for their release. We feel that the most effective means of achieving this aim will be to arouse nation-wide protest in this country against the injustice done to Haiti's leading intellectuals.

Despite the fact that Roumain comes from one of the best and wealthiest families in Haiti—his grandfather was President of the Republic—he has devoted himself to the liberation of the oppressed and illiterate masses of his country. In 1931 he held the post of Secretary of Education, which he subsequently lost as the result of defending strikers in Port-au-Prince. Since that time he has been constantly watched and his mail confiscated. Efforts of President Vincent to dispose of a popular opponent to his policies were successful in the summer of 1934. Roumain had formed a committee to procure financial aid for the Scottsboro boys and had ordered literature from New York. A letter in French announcing the shipment of these books and pamphlets was confiscated and one word, "matériaux," conveniently interpreted as bombs and munitions to overthrow the government of M. Vincent. A search of Roumain's house brought to light only books and newspapers. He was nevertheless arrested, court-martialed, found guilty of treason on the ground of importing arms, and on October 23, 1934, sentenced to three years in prison.

Against seven other former government officials who opposed the President's terroristic tactics a pretext for imprisonment also had to be found. They were accused of reprinting and distributing an article describing conditions in Haiti taken from a Negro periodical published in France, *Le Cri des Nègres,* were sentenced to one or two years in prison, and fined $1,000 each. Like Roumain, they are not permitted to receive mail, are denied reading and writing materials, and must endure the hardships of a damp, vermin-infested prison.

We feel that the injustice meted out to Roumain and the others should be the concern of everyone who believes in the right to voice opinions freely and is opposed to the degradation of culture and liberty.

New York, April 10 FRANCINE BRADLEY, Secretary,
Committee for the Release of Jacques Roumain

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, brought out this spring a new book, "Soviet Journey."

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun.*

MARTHA GRUENING has made several investigations of lynching for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

GEORGE L. KNAPP, author of "Lone Star of Courage" and other books for boys, is at present living in Washington and contributing to various magazines.

NORMAN THOMAS, leading member of the Socialist Party, is the author of "America's Way Out—A Program for Democracy," "Human Exploitation," and other books.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is coauthor of "Modern Fiction."

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Labor and Industry

Guilded or Gelded

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IT was not a publisher but a first-string man who eyed me coldly from across the table and said, "The Guild idea is all wrong from the start and of course any talk about affiliation with the A. F. of L. is preposterous. You are too old, Heywood, to remember much about reporting and you were never much of a reporter anyway. It's well enough for a columnist to have his whims and prejudices, but when you're responsible for the news you must cut yourself away from every emotion and shade of personal opinion. You are the dispassionate fact-finder and you can't afford to retain convictions or opinions. A good reporter is the man from Mars. You've got to be hard-boiled."

I could afford to smile a little, for all this I had heard before, and there was a time in my romantic youth when I accepted it. The good reporter knew neither mother, nor faith, nor father. His job was to get the story no matter what the cost to him or to those with whom he came in contact. Of course I remembered all this. Hadn't I worked for seven years under the plaque set up to Gregory Hume in the city room of the morning *World*? It was Hume who was mortally injured in a railroad wreck and who, when the stretcher-bearers came, would not suffer anyone to minister to him until he had first arranged to have the paper notified that a big story had broken up New Haven way.

When the *World* was sold down the river, nobody quite knew what to do with the plaque. I learned years later from an article by Isabel Keating in *Harper's* that it was finally shipped up to the Columbia School of Journalism, where all the students would be too young to appreciate the irony of this bronze tribute to a man who died for the *World*. The paper was no more because its publishers came to a spot where its continuance would have entailed very heavy financial losses. Only by scrapping it could they save any substantial portion of their fortunes.

But if the privates in the ranks enlist under the stipulation that they must be faithful to the paper even unto death, it would seem no more than fair that the rule should also apply to the major generals. Moreover, what shall it avail a man if he gets a story at the risk of his life only to find that the owner doesn't want to print it because of some matter of policy?

A young man in charge of a great paper told a Guild committee not long ago that he was quite prepared to admit the right of newspaper men and women to organize for the sake of economic betterment but that he felt they should forego that privilege for the sake of the freedom of the press. But he made no offer to withdraw from his own membership in the association of publishers.

The convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was held in New York last week and the talk was of advertising, circulation, and costs. Of course some of this discussion was carried on under the label, "the freedom of the press," but the problems in hand were precisely like the problems of other business men. Under some circumstances there could be no reasonable objection to this. Unless a paper pays its way, or thereabouts, it cannot exist in a fiercely competitive civilization. The same economic forces which have brought the chain store into existence are responsible for the growth of newspaper chains. The economies of large-scale production are even more palpable in the newspaper industry than in any other business. It is not impossible that in the next fifteen years even the largest American cities will have but one morning and one evening paper of standard size. It may even be that two leader writers, two columnists, and some half-dozen comic-strip artists will suffice to provide the entire nation with features.

But it is a curious contention which holds that while publishers are and must be actuated by economic motives they still have a right to say to reporters: "You are the dedicated priests of a holy craft. You must strip yourself of all emotions including the urge of self-interest. You must take the rap so that we may continue in the style to which we have been accustomed."

I sat in the gallery and listened to the program of speeches which marked the closing banquet of the publishers' convention. I wish it could have been broadcast to the entire country. Possibly it would have been a little unfair. The publishers are really a little better than this performance would have indicated. But still, here was an actual cross-section of the men who set themselves up as the full and all-sufficient judges of what the public should get in the way of news and of opinion. I am not complaining particularly of the fact that there was evidence on the dais and off that New York is the world's greatest playground. I was much more shocked at the evidence that this collection of very small men was so obviously drunk with a smug sense of power and self-righteousness. The ghost of Thomas Jefferson was sent whirling along the flying trapeze as Bainbridge Colby, exhumed from heaven knows where, uttered dreary tory platitudes about big business and its sacred rights. I was struck by the fact that, with the mild exception of Glenn Frank, all the spokesmen and invited orators of the publishers were old men. And they did not talk of journalism but of the industry. If a man from Mars had happened in, I think he might have spent an hour and still remained puzzled as to whether he had happened in upon a convention of bankers, cotton-mill owners, or the makers of bathroom supplies.

I went not as an invited guest but as a spy, and lacking a ticket, I had a little difficulty in gaining admission. I asked the waiter at the door for the press table and he looked puzzled. "The table for people covering the dinner," I explained, "the table for newspapermen." He still looked blank and said, "There isn't any table for newspapermen. This is the publishers' convention."

And by a curious coincidence all the sessions except the final dinner were secret. This was a slight handicap to me because one delegate asked me in the lobby, "Are you going to make any reply to the attack which Harvey Kelly made on you this afternoon?" I said I couldn't very well

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unless I knew what Mr. Kelly said or in what newspaper it would be printed.

"Oh, it won't be printed," I was told; "it was in a secret session."

"He just said," my informant continued, "that nobody need pay any attention to the Guild any more, and he commented on your personal appearance."

I hardly know why the throat of the Guild should be cut by the sharp crease of my trousers, and seemingly the attitude of the publishers toward the question of employee organization isn't news. It will remain a secret. That I suppose has something to do with the freedom of the press. Almost everything else has. The publishers decided that they would accept no sort of code of fair practice whatsoever. They decided not to disturb carrier boys between the ages of ten and twelve who are already on the job. They condemned the mild Copeland bill on foods and drugs. H. W. Flagg, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, chairman of the Open Shop Committee, unofficially offered the services of his committee to all publishers, members and non-members, for strike-breaking purposes. And so you see once more the publishers have saved the freedom of the press.

Tobacco Greed

By GEORGE L. KNAPP

THE Research and Planning Division of the NRA has begun its investigation of the tobacco industry, and will probably finish its work well in advance of June 16, when the present cigarette code is due to be revised or replaced. President Roosevelt directed this investigation when he signed the code, much of which he found unsatisfactory. Organized labor finds nearly all the cigarette code unsatisfactory. The forty-hour week which it provides will make scarcely a start at furnishing jobs for all workers who have been drawn into the cigarette industry, especially in view of the probable changes in machinery. The 25-cents-an-hour minimum wage makes the government approve a wage of $10 a week; and the 40-cent top pay for unskilled labor puts a ceiling of $832 a year on the possible earnings of more than 90 per cent of the workers. Most workers are classed as unskilled.

Tobacco labor attributes this unsatisfactory code chiefly to the influence of S. Clay Williams, former president of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, probably the strongest of the Big Four concerns dominating the tobacco industry. At the time the code was signed and for some months before, Mr. Williams was chairman of the National Industrial Recovery Board, but he has since resigned. His going is an encouragement to labor. Another reason that labor hopes for a much-improved code is the fine report written by the Research and Planning Division on the automobile industry. Tobacco workers believe that no other industry can show abuses which tobacco cannot match.

Under the mastery of the Big Four, tobacco is much closer to being a monopoly than are automobiles, closer even than steel. For years it has been the most prosperous large industry in the United States, and that prosperity has been concentrated in the hands of insiders to a degree not rivaled in any other branch of big business. Its wage scales are little above those of the textile industry. They are unbelievably low when compared to the value of output. For every dollar that the big tobacco companies get for their cigarettes at wholesale, they pay a minute fraction more than two cents to the cigarette workers. According to the United States Census of Manufactures, the wholesale value of cigarettes produced in 1933, the latest year for which figures are available, was $637,579,000. The cigarette wage bill for the same year, according to the same authority, was $13,818,000. Figure out the proportions for yourself.

The Big Four companies are the American Tobacco Company, the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, and the P. Lorillard Tobacco Company. The first three are about the same size; Lorillard is much smaller than any one of the others, but far larger than any independent tobacco company. Together, they produce about 85 per cent of the nation's cigarettes. All four companies were formed in 1911 from the parts and properties of the old tobacco trust which the United States Supreme Court ordered dissolved. The way in which the Circuit Court carried out this mandate was lenient, to say the least. The independents, whose chief counsel in the suit was Louis D. Brandeis, now of the Supreme Court, declared that twenty-nine persons controlled the vast properties of the trust before it was dissolved, and that the same twenty-nine persons controlled those properties after the dissolution. In their most important relations with the public the Big Four have acted very nearly as a unit. They pay the same prices for tobacco, and according to the Federal Trade Commission, keep down prices by the same maneuvers. They charge the same prices to dealers—and actually raised those prices in the disastrous year of 1931. They pay substantially the same wages for the same work. Turning to the Census of Manufactures again, the average wage in the cigarette industry was $870 a year in 1929, $727 in 1931, and $614 in 1933. This represents a drop of $256 in four years, nearly 30 per cent.

There was no such drop in the profits of the Big Four tobacco companies. Without exception they made more money in the first three years of the depression than they had ever made before; and while there was a decrease in 1933, any other industry would have thought itself in clover with the tobacco dividends of that year. In the four years from 1930 to 1933, inclusive, American Tobacco paid $122,551,977 in dividends; the R. J. Reynolds Company, $120,000,000; Liggett and Myers, $77,970,000; and P. Lorillard had available for dividends profits amounting to $15,396,000. Figures for 1934 are not yet available.

American Tobacco claims 23,000 workers; the Reynolds Company and Liggett and Myers, 20,000 each; and P. Lorillard, 6,000. Average the dividends of each company over the four-year period, divide the sum by the number of that company's workers, and you will have a startling result. Reynolds paid during that period an annual dividend amounting to $1,500 a year for each employee; the American paid a dividend of $1,328 a year for each employee; Liggett

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and Myers dividends came to $974 a year for each employee; and Lorillard had profits available to pay dividends equal to $644 for each worker—sums considerably larger than average cigarette wages in 1933. Reynolds, by the way, kept up its $30,000,000 payments in 1934.

The three largest companies of the Big Four—American, Liggett and Myers, and Reynolds—have bonus systems which throw a large share of the profits to a small group of insiders. There is not room to describe them all here; but in the case of the American Tobacco Company they have been made a matter of court record. George Washington Hill, president of that company, got $75,000 as salary in 1928, plus $280,203 as "other compensation," or bonus—a total cash income of $355,203. That was just a starter. The next year he got $144,500 in salary and $461,113 as a bonus—$605,613 in all. In 1930 his salary was $168,000 and his bonus $842,567—or $1,010,567 in all. In 1931 his salary was $160,000 and his bonus $891,630, which adds up to $1,051,630, or fourteen times the salary of the President of the United States. In 1932 Hill's salary and bonus were $120,000 and $705,607, respectively. This made a total of $825,607—or about what 1,500 cigarette workers received as wages in the same year. The belief of all who have studied the matter is that the Reynolds bonuses run larger than the American. Certainly the sum available for bonuses is larger, but just how it is divided is not known.

An industry which pays such bonuses to its officers and such profits to its stockholders has no right, reason, or excuse for paying wages so low that on them no man can rear a family on a level of minimum decency. Yet the wages thus far cited in the tobacco industry are the comparatively high wages. To plumb the depths of Big Four greed, one must turn to a form of work of which most Northerners never hear. Tobacco leaf must be separated from the stem before actual manufacture can start. This process is called "stemming." It is usually done by hand, and the hand stemmers are nearly all colored women. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor made a study of stemmers' earnings last fall, and this is what was revealed: 10.7 per cent of all stemmers studied earned less than $5 a week; 16.7 per cent earned $5 but less than $8 a week; 21.2 per cent earned $8 but less than $10; 38 per cent earned $10 but less than $12; 12 per cent earned $12 but less than $15; and only 1.3 per cent—13 persons out of 1,000—earned $15 a week or more. But even these figures present too favorable a picture of the stemming business. In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, not very long ago, 400 families on public relief had workers employed in the stemmeries, but their earnings could not support their families. In other words, Uncle Sam—for he pays more than 90 per cent of the relief bill—was subsidizing the tobacco industry to the extent of keeping a large group of its workers alive. The Women's Bureau reports that the labor costs of stemming tobacco are less than one mill on a package of twenty cigarettes.

Two of the most important independent tobacco companies, Axton-Fisher and Brown and Williamson, have telegraphed to the White House their approval of the more liberal code supported by labor. There are other grounds for hope, if labor continues to make a vigorous fight. But in the light of what has gone before no one interested in this group of underpaid workers will begin to count chickens before they are hatched.

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As a psychologist working in New York City schools, Edna Brand Mann gave intelligence tests to a thousand children. In an article which overflows with anecdotes, Miss Mann shows that the answer to a single standardized test question frequently discloses far more than an IQ rating. For example: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" "Unemployed" . . . "What does health mean?" "Health is like my teacher says 'Do you think I am screaming for my health?'" . . . "What is charity?" *Public school student:* "To get money." *Private school student:* "Charity means to give things to the poor. I'm sick of giving toys to the damned poor."

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The Oneness of Life

An Almanac for Moderns. By Donald Culross Peattie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

GOOD "nature writers" are extremely rare. If they were less so we might have a satisfactory name for a small but distinguished department of literature in English, and it would not be necessary to liken the author of the present delightful volume to Thoreau or Hudson. He is as different from either as they are from each other but there seems no other way to indicate the province of a man whose interest in living creatures is both warmer and more intimate than that ordinarily sanctioned by the scientist *pur sang*. Mr. Peattie is a biologist formerly connected with the Department of Agriculture. He has apparently done his share of systematic work, and the little essays—one for each day in the year—which compose his "Almanac" are full of precise scientific fact. But it is not fact for fact's sake which interests him most. What he writes is literature, and his purpose is to share with others something more than his knowledge. It is to share also the delight which nature gives him and his sense that to be familiar with the ways of life is to give to living a meaning which it cannot otherwise have.

Most of the little essays, usually a page or less long, are built around some concrete fact, and the fact is rather more often one accessible to the ordinary observer in our region than one drawn from books. To this extent the author makes a direct appeal to the ordinary lover of nature and deals with material familiar to even the most casual of amateur naturalists. But the turn of his mind is poetic and speculative. He "communes with nature" as his kind have always done. Yet he is modern both in his knowledge and in his efforts to understand by the light of that knowledge what "communion with nature" and the need for it imply. For certain temperaments—though certainly not for all—the need has survived both any Wordsworthian feeling about nature's loving beneficence and any nineteenth-century obsession with the red tooth and the red claw. What is it that draws minds like his to natural history and gives them a sense that through it they are getting as close as any human being can get to an actual participation in the whole inclusive adventure of life? What is the relevance to us of bees, and ants, and fishes, and birds—a relevance which some feel so strongly but which probably more than half of mankind neither feels nor admits?

Mr. Peattie knows much which Thoreau never suspected and which was at least unassimilated by natural historians of the Hudson generation. When he walks in the woods or observes the behavior of a migrating bird he is no more aware of what is happening before his eyes than he is of what the microscopist and the biochemist have revealed. The invisible life of microbe and fungus, incredibly active about their unseen business, make the world of nature far more complex and teeming than any age before ours ever suspected, and the biochemical identity of all life from the slime mold to man links all living creatures more closely than even the pantheist supposed. Our fellowship with the beasts is not most importantly revealed by the fact that their primary concerns are so often either identical with or analogous to ours—that their struggle for individual and racial survival gives rise to methods which we can understand and to actions which tempt us to suppose emotions interpretable in terms of our own. We are not one with the squirrel storing nuts for the winter or with the skunk educating her young because our sympathy goes out to them. We are one with them because we are all alive by virtue of the mysterious capacities of one identical foamy jelly which chemists in their despair call protoplasm and which, though it reproduces itself so prolifically, no one can produce out of anything else. If life has a purpose or an intention, if it is really struggling toward something with an inscrutable determination, then the center of that purpose, the ultimate source of that determination, is not in brain or nerve or any of the other more complicated structures. It resides in the jelly out of which both the brain of man and the apparently almost undifferentiated body of the slime mold are made. If there is a world soul, if there is anything "deeply interfused," its dwelling is not the light of setting suns but every particle of the protoplasmic froth wherever a fragment of it may be found.

Of popular science we have plenty and perhaps too much. A reasonable portion of it deals with biology, and yet there is one common defect, which is conspicuous even in so admirable a work as Wells's "Science of Life." Such books are curiously remote, because biology divorced from natural history tends to seem too largely abstract, to the layman at least. It deals with things which he seldom sees and which remain, therefore, hardly more than abstractions. He may know all about cells and about the laws which Mendel discovered. He may even discourse with second-hand learning on the problems of tropism and the reflexes. But it all remains as coldly unreal as mathematics or chemistry unless it becomes intimate in the fashion which only some actual contact with nature can make it. Mr. Peattie is fragmentary and casual, but even as an instructor in biology he has one enormous advantage. To read him is to be encouraged to look for once, not at a diagram in a book, but at the bird or mammal or insect busy with his strange affairs just outside one's door.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Preparing the Way

Forerunners of American Fascism. By Raymond Gram Swing. Julian Messner. $1.75.

SOME three years ago, before Hitler's advent to power, when I began to warn of the danger of an American fascism, many of my friends in and out of the Socialist Party took me to task for making an unlikely danger more probable by my fear. Today the pendulum has swung far the other way. Everything reactionary or brutal—and we had plenty of such things in America before fascism was invented—is called fascist. For a time it was very popular in radical circles to say that "fascism is capitalism with the mask off." It is still all too popular to explain fascism as simply and solely a big business plot. The results of this oversimplification on the American public are serious. The average American can't and won't at the same time believe that fascism is a capitalist plot, that Smedley Butler turned down a Wall Street invitation to assume a fascist crown, and that Huey Long and Father Coughlin are actual or potential fascists.

It is of the utmost importance to make plain the fact that fascism is capitalism with a new mask on; that it is dangerous precisely because it begins as a revolt of the little man against the plutocracy. It is not so much the unscrupulousness of the demagogue as dictator, or the skill of the particular plutocrats who make terms with fascism, which is responsible for the fact that fascism in power is state capitalism. It is the nature of the system itself.

For months I have been trying to make this position plain to American audiences. You can imagine, then, my delight to find what I had been trying to do done so perfectly by Mr.

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Swing, first in the pages of *The Nation*, and then even more adequately and comprehensively in this book. Mr. Swing's background of European experience and the pains he has taken to establish first-hand contact with these American forerunners of fascism give him an authority not to be denied. Everything about his book from his choice of title to his last word is good. The biographical method and the way Mr. Swing has handled his material make what he has written as interesting as it is socially important.

Clearly the men about whom he writes, even Huey Long and Father Coughlin, are as yet forerunners of fascism rather than conscious and avowed leaders of it. Some of them, like Dr. Townsend and Senator Bilbo, for very different reasons, will never, as Mr. Swing points out, be more than portents. Mr. Swing's interpretation of his facts is as valuable as his carefully tested facts themselves.

At one point only do I find some question or qualification concerning Mr. Swing's conclusions creeping into my own mind. I accept his brilliant and profound suggestion that William Randolph Hearst "is a partial projection of the people he expresses." And those people are the lower middle class. It is exceedingly important that we should realize this in appraising fascism, for fascism is an expression of a cultural as well as of an economic revolt of a class which feels itself menaced at one and the same time by the plutocracy and the proletariat. I think, however, that the lower middle class has not yet gone anything like as far as Hearst in accepting plutocracy. Here Coughlin or Long speaks far more truly for it than Hearst—as Mr. Swing will probably admit. It is, of course, significant that Coughlin and Hearst so easily made common cause in the name of nationalism against the World Court, and that Long, in support of his own Louisiana dictatorship, is already comparing Washington to Moscow after a fascist fashion made familiar in America by that very wealthy publisher, William Randolph Hearst. In spite of all this, however, the fascist demagogue who rises to power in America will have to be decidedly to the left of Hearst's present-day economics, at least in speech.

Mr. Swing, directly and by suggestion, points out how difficult will be the task of stopping the fascist demagogue in America. I agree. One thing already accomplished by the forerunners of fascism is the creation of a situation where the old hope of the emergence of an American Progressive Party, not definitely socialist in philosophy or consciously working class in ideals, has become exceedingly dubious. Enthusiasts are still working for such a party, which the more enlightened of them believe may develop into a genuine farmer-labor party. In my judgment, Long and Coughlin have already made this hope of the revival of the La Follette dream of 1924—with improvements—a dangerous illusion. Today any attempt at a progressive third party will be dominated by Long or Coughlin, or the thing they stand for, and not by the La Follette brothers or the spirit of their father. If Governor Olson should be a leader of it, it will be Olson the demagogue, not Olson the Farmer-Laborite.

No one who has been as often exhorted as I to "get together" with Long, Olson, the La Follettes, and everybody else who is "agin Wall Street" can fail to recognize how strong is the interest in a third-party movement without any class-conscious basis. It is even more dangerous than it is strong. It points the way directly toward fascism.

Our only hope is to organize workers with hand and brain, as workers, against a system of exploitation. Some encouragement in our hard but necessary task is to be found in three things:

1. Father Coughlin has already incurred sharp labor criticism, and Huey Long's labor record is vulnerable, especially since he has allied himself with Governor Talmadge of Georgia,

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infamous for his concentration camps during the textile strike. Long's complete and profound silence about the plight of the share-croppers at his door can also be made a telling indictment of his sincerity. He did not lift his voice when a Negro share-cropper was murdered in cold blood, even when the victim with pathetic hope wore one of his own buttons.

2. Our very backwardness in social evolution may help us. For a variety of reasons we are not quite ready for the fascist synthesis. Meanwhile the economic failure of fascism in Europe is becoming more apparent to our people, and some of its charm is gone.

3. Both Mussolini and Hitler have been able to give emotional satisfaction in nationalist terms to their people, oppressed with an inferiority complex. This emotional satisfaction, apart from real economic achievement, will be harder to give in the American situation.

These hurdles, plus the more familiar hurdle of "the American tradition" will not of themselves block the coming of fascism. The only effective answer to the totalitarian state of fascism is the cooperative commonwealth. But in the struggle for that answer we can afford to neglect no possible tactical advantage. In that struggle such illumination as Mr. Swing has shed upon the American scene is of the utmost value.

NORMAN THOMAS

A Noble Savage

Talk United States! By Robert Whitcomb. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

THE man on the bottom in Tom Kromer's "Waiting for Nothing" twice attempts a solo stick-up rather than suffer the humiliations of begging. His nerve fails him each time and the failures hasten his demoralization. But Matt Williams, bricklayer hero of "Talk United States!" getting nearer and nearer the bottom, lends a willing ear to a lad from Fall River with a scheme for going into Squedunk Center and coming out with cash. The scheme works. Matt reflects that he is a robber, but it is funny "how a little dough makes you feel and it don't matter a damn if you stole it neither." When he gets back to New York and takes a good look at the Bowery stiffs, he thinks it better to be a crook and end up in jail than sink to their level; "I ain't ever gonna panhandle." A determination the reader may be corrupted enough to applaud! But Matt, having thus unlawfully put himself on his feet, starts out, not to commit crimes, but to clean up his union. In the prosperous days of bricklaying Matt had no illusions about the way the aristocrats of labor ran the union: "So Sam Kennedy gets elected unanimous, and if anybody would of voted against him he would of been shot in the back, and if you think I'm kidding you should of seen Joe Lambuzzi and his thugs . . . lined around the wall, but everything was very pleasant, which is the way unions is run all the way up to the Chicago Federation and don't try to kid me it ain't the same thing in New York and all the whole goddam American Federation of Labor." But it wasn't until depression days that the system struck him as so unsatisfactory that he spoke his mind in meeting, and had to leave town; and it wasn't until his fellow-unionists had had several years of slump experience that they were ready to call Matt back and start house-cleaning.

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sented as not in any way exceptional. As we follow Matt Williams through his experiences and note the development of attitude and points of view, we know the author wishes us to think that as Matt thinks and feels, so think and feel tens of thousands of his kind; and that as Matt talks, so it will be necessary to talk to the millions of working stiffs in this country if there is to be not merely a New Deal but a new deck of cards altogether. To this reviewer Matt seems a little too good to be true, in spite of the fine air of verisimilitude created by his "United States" talk; too beautifully free, for instance, from prejudice against Jews, Negroes, wops ("them Mexicans is human just like us"); too ready to see the truth of his old radical friend Baldy's teaching ("the Communists got the right dope sometimes—they know their onions, even if they can't talk United States").

But idealized or not, Matt is worth knowing. He will show you a lot of the country—whether he is hopping the freights or making the grand tour during the boom in his own car with his wife and son Woodrow. He will never make you feel either sorry for him or contemptuous of him—he is no hopeless mission stiff and no "little man, what now" victim. And you will leave him, hoping—unless you are a Daughter of the American Revolution—that he will succeed with his Chicago Bricklayers' Association and live up to the motto at his headquarters: "The wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Road to National Insanity

Road to War. America: 1914-1917. By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

OF all the purely reportorial books which have been written about the entrance of the United States into the World War, this is easily the best. It succeeds precisely where Mark Sullivan's "Over Here" failed. It betrays an almost exhaustive amount of research into all the pertinent governmental, journalistic, and biographical documents; it is very clearly written; and it is devoid of patrioteering. Good as Mr. Millis's previous book, "The Martial Spirit," was, "Road to War" is even better. There is a surer handling of complicated facts, and a firmer grasp of their meanings. On the other hand, Mr. Millis has not yet rid himself of all the pat phrases of the newspaper editorial room—as, for example, when he says of the Theodore Roosevelt of 1914 that he was "an aging lion now, but still showing the old fire"—and he is still only a chronicler. He cannot at present be called a historian in the grand sense of the word.

The three years preceding our declaration of war upon the Central Powers were the most fantastic in our annals. The Wilson Administration opened with the New Freedom, the resounding trumpet call of what seemed like mature American idealism. Everything looked fine everywhere. The bitter economic and nationalistic rivalries that were daily growing more intense in Europe meant nothing to the man in the White House or to his advisers and ambassadors. Colonel House was in France in the summer of 1914, when that country was busy with war preparations, but he did not find "the war spirit dominant." The assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo made no impression upon him, in so far as his published papers reveal. Brand Whitlock, our Ambassador to Belgium, boasted that the word Sarajevo meant nothing to him: "I had not the least idea where it was in this world, if it was in this world."

Our diplomatic representatives in Europe were almost all rank amateurs. Their reports, as Mr. Millis might well have pointed out, read like synopses of sermons at Ethical Culture

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societies, smooth, irrelevant, and hollow. Only one of them, and he was only an underling, understood the full import of the Sarajevo tragedy. He was F. E. Mallett, the American vice-consul at Budapest, who warned the State Department of an impending war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. But the State Department paid no attention to him. The entire American diplomatic corps looked upon the assassination of the Austrian archduke as merely a local flare-up, and our newspapers held the same view.

When war finally broke out in Europe, our diplomats remained as ignorant of what was going on as before, and so did our newspapers. The absurd reasons they all gave for the conflict had this one note in common: the Central Powers were to blame for everything. The liberal New York *World* saw as early as August 4, 1914, that "all the machinery of progress is stopped by the hand of autocracy. The Kaiser plunges Europe into the most devastating conflict known to human history." The *Times* looked upon the German invasion of France as "aggression, pure and simple." On August 5 the British navy cut the German cables, and thereafter, until long after the Armistice, the only German news the American people received came via London and Paris. It is no wonder, then, that Allied propaganda was so powerful in this country, especially in view of the fact that our Ambassador in London, Mr. Page, was an almost pathological Anglophile.

Soon stories of German atrocities began to appear in the gullible press, and the United States was filled with a deep hatred of the Kaiser and his *Kultur*. President Wilson announced that we would keep a strict neutrality. Yet when the Allies put a blockade upon our trade with the Central Powers he barely uttered a word, but when the Germans put a blockade upon our trade with the Allies, he became terribly concerned about the rights of humanity and the future of democracy. Then he began his long series of notes to the German government, which reached a new low in diplomatic hypocrisy and cant. Meanwhile Colonel House was touring Europe ostensibly for the purposes of peace, but actually making thinly veiled promises to the Allied Powers that we would eventually join them "for the lasting good of humanity." The Allies showed their gratefulness by floating huge loans in this country and placing heavy orders with our industries. Thus it was to the interest of American business that the Allies should be victorious in order that they be able to pay us back. Bankers and industrialists left no stone unturned in whooping up patriotic feeling and preparedness sentiment. The newspapers were already on the right side, and it did not take long to win the educators and clergy over. The manner in which the S. Parkes Cadmans and Newell Dwight Hillises fell for the anti-Hun propaganda forms one of the most shameful chapters in our history.

President Wilson, for all his hypocrisy, long remained doubtful about the wisdom of our entering the war, but the pressure of public opinion, as influenced by Anglo-French propaganda, was too much for his Presbyterian soul, and he finally succumbed on April 6, 1917, when he called upon the Congress to declare war upon Germany in order to make the world "safe for democracy." Of the 528 Senators and Representatives only 56 voted against the war resolution, but this overwhelming vote did not fully represent the wishes of the people. They received the news with amazingly little enthusiasm. They did not rush to volunteer, and when conscription was put into effect, as Mr. Millis will find if he pursues his researches, it was discovered that about 13 per cent of the drafted deserted. If we add the slackers and the conscientious objectors and take into consideration the larger number of men who submitted to the draft unwillingly, it is likely that the percentage of those who had little or no interest in the war would rise to about fifty. That our entrance into the World War was utterly indefensible

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nearly everyone now agrees, but it is quite probable that future historians will find that in 1917 about as many Americans did not want to go to war as did.

Mr. Millis, as I have said, reports the whole story better than anybody else has reported it. His book forms a valuable record of one of the most insane periods in our national history. One hopes that he will do a similar book on the hysteria and corruption in the United States during the year and a half that we fought in the "war to end war," and that this time he will venture more comment. It is permissible for a historian to have ideas about his material. Edward Gibbon had.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Clio in the Pulpit

European Civilization and Politics Since 1815. By Erik Achorn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

TO write a book of 400,000 words on modern history is no trivial feat; to write an interesting book of that length is an uncommon achievement. Six years ago Dr. Erik Achorn set himself the task of preparing a text for the last century of Western culture which would be "entertaining as well as informing" and would present a "more satisfactory synthesis along the lines of the New History . . ." The result, judged on the basis of style, scope, and illustrative material, is an inviting volume which takes rank with the best texts of its kind.

Of a third and worthier purpose, the desire to make his readers "better citizens of America and of the world," the author says little, though he has thought about it earnestly, and one regrets that here his success is more debatable. The students who read his pages will undoubtedly learn what to think about the men and the movements which have shaped modern history, but it is less certain that they will learn *how* to think about them. They will find it easy to share his contempt for the Allied "brass hats" who directed what Lloyd George called a "bloodstained stagger to victory," and they will imbibe his scorn for the architects of ruin who devised the grimmer jests of the Versailles settlement and for the opportunists who climbed aboard the band-wagon of Italian fascism. They will learn, quite rightly it may well be, to revere Wilson, Lenin, and Mustafa Kemal, while condemning Poincaré and Mussolini. But to become better citizens of America and of the world they should also learn how to interpret the forces which make for unreason, and how to endure when necessary the agony of a suspended judgment. This is a discipline best acquired under an instructor who can depersonalize his dislikes and surmount the censorious mood of a contemporary observer.

The modern historian who still chooses to regard history as morality teaching by example is faced by an ancient dilemma. To ascribe events such as the Versailles treaty or the Japanese invasion of Manchuria to the workings of an impersonal "what" while blaming the results upon a morally responsible "who" involves an antilogy which Dr. Achorn disguises more successfully than most. But too often the moral note intrudes in the midst of objective discussions, and his sharp verdicts sometimes close a case which has been judged but not pleaded.

This reviewer would have liked to see a more patient analysis of the motives which incline Frenchmen or Japanese to support unreasonable policies, before finding those policies condemned under such captions as "Carthago delenda est" and "Japan Runs Amok." In a work distinguished by so many excellences, so catholic in content, so modern in emphasis, so lively in style, it is disappointing to miss that final grace of tolerance which recognizes how men of equal honesty may

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come to hold divergent views, and that bishops and bankers may be as zealous and enlightened in their service to humanity as biological chemists or liberal historians.

GEOFFREY BRUUN

Shorter Notices

Provence. From Minstrels to the Machine. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

Mr. Ford celebrates in this loose-jointed and delightful book not the French Riviera, with its "mechanical and monotonous pleasures," but the immemorial land which includes it and which will outlive it as Provence has outlived every other invasion or improvement during twenty-five hundred years. To Mr. Ford it is the only civilized portion of the earth, and his proofs, if proofs they may be called, run into the thousands. He plunders poetry and history for evidence; he makes comparisons of the economic and political sort; but chiefly he trusts to his palate, which likes the savory, humane air of this place no less definitely than it likes its wines, its spices, and its concoctions lifted from the sea. Few books have been written with a more infectious love of the South than Mr. Ford manages to put here into his expertly rambling sentences; and few books have been more merciless toward the North—meaning chiefly London, where the book was written, but meaning also every city or country of bad food, cold gloom, and unconfessed deep cruelty. It is an old issue which will never be settled, climates and religions being what they are; but any Northerner, no matter what his persuasion, will benefit by reading this book, whose gaiety is at once as modern as Ezra Pound and as ancient as Antipolis.

Archetypal Patterns in Poetry. Psychological Studies of Imagination. By Maud Bodkin. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

Basing her study on the work of Jung and on some researches into anthropology, Miss Bodkin uses the word "archetypes" to indicate such images or symbols as may cause response in the reader "because they are the psychic residue of numberless experiences of the same type, experiences which have happened not to the individual but to his ancestors, and of which the results are inherited in the structure of the brain, a priori determinants of individual experience." She points out that throughout the history of poetry the figure of the father-king-god appears, and examines the Oedipus complex as a pattern determining our imaginative experience of "Hamlet." She turns to the "Ancient Mariner" to study the "rebirth archetype" in such images as the becalming of the ship and the homeward flight. The "Paradise-Hades" pattern of imagery and its psychological responses lead her into a discussion of "Paradise Lost," "Kubla Khan," and Vergil. The "image of woman" which appears in much poetry, ancient and modern, is in her opinion an archetype of the quickening of a poet's sensitivity to all beauty, to instinctive and supernatural love—obviously related to the worship of the Virgin and of the mother. Recurrent images of the devil, of the hero, of God show the conflicting patterns of self-assertion and surrender. Much of this theorizing may have weight, but Miss Bodkin does not give sufficient consideration to the symbols built by society itself and to the changes in those symbols as corresponding changes in society occur. The racial subconsciousness may well be nothing more than social conditioning, in no way an inherited response or a subconscious racial memory. Recent anthropological researches have proved more concerning social conditioning than they have concerning any psychological inheritance. Today, moreover, we draw our

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images from the literature of all ages: the responses we make are often the result of the intellectual training which we have received.

Silver Collar Boy. By Constance Wright. E. R. Dutton and Company. $2.

Constance Wright's brief novel of eighteenth-century England features Pompey, a small blackamoor slave imported from the West Indies to serve as page to a London belle, whose vanity finally costs him his trivial, decorative life. Pompey's story has a thin, evocative appeal: the wit, the sentiment, the barbarity, the elegance of the eighteenth century are dimly mirrored in the narrative. It is a tale which comes close to being charming, so close, in fact, that it overshoots the mark. Miss Wright works too hard for her effects. Where she means to be playful, she is roguish; where she would be graceful, she is arch. Had she not flirted with her subject with all the tenacity of an uncertain coquette, "Silver Collar Boy" might have been genuinely engaging. As it stands, it is a trifle silly.

Drama

Nightmare

HUGH WALPOLE once wrote a curious short story about a rich and solitary old lady whose house was invaded by a band of imperturbable crooks. The leader gained entrance in the guise of a hungry beggar, stayed overnight with his wife, who was supposed to have fainted on the street, and then gradually took possession of the entire ménage. This tale has now been dramatized under the title "Kind Lady" (Booth Theater), and as acted superbly by no less a stranger than Miss Grace George it becomes an eerie and nerve-racking tour de force.

Obviously the plot might be treated in any one of several ways. It might, for example, be developed as a comedy and thus made the Western equivalent of that Oriental fable which illustrates what is likely to happen once the camel is allowed to get his nose inside the tent. It might, on the other hand, be made the basis of a more or less conventional crook play like "The Post Road," where something of the same sort happens. But both Walpole and the dramatist had other ends in view, and they have created a sort of psychological nightmare which seems to occur near the border line of sanity. Everything is seen through the eyes of the victim. Her helplessness dawns upon the audience just as it dawns upon her, and somehow the horror which she feels at the calm, unhurried usurpation of her authority and freedom is communicated to the spectator. By almost imperceptible stages a certain odd presumption in her visitors becomes a quiet insolence. Suddenly she orders them from the house, and then the dreadful moment comes when they and their stolid, commonplace confederates gather in a silent circle about her. It is they who seem slightly surprised and yet terrifyingly calm. With quiet authority they assume that she is harmlessly mad, and from that moment she has ceased to exist for anyone except herself. Like the dreamer who discovers himself unable either to resist or to flee, she is paralyzed by the very incredibility of the events, by the sudden collapse of everything upon which she had come to depend in the daylight world. They have drawn a ring about her and she can make no contact with anyone who does not assume that theirs is the legitimate authority.

Obviously the effectiveness of such a piece depends upon its success in hypnotizing the spectator into a state where he can be affected by certain irrational terrors which probably lie deep down in every soul but which do not ordinarily rise to the surface except when isolation or sleep have taken from us the familiar, reassuring solidities of the normal world. "Kind Lady" is shudderingly effective, first because it does just this with great technical dexterity and, second, because the content of this particular nightmare is one with which everyone is familiar, and the situation is a recognizable analogue of dreams probably almost universal. Whatever the meaning of the fact may be, nearly everyone has experienced the horror of feeling in sleep that something essential to his safety or his position or his authority has suddenly failed. The officer dreams that the soldiers no longer obey, the teacher that his students rise up in a horrible protesting mob, the financier that the bank will not honor his check. The dream here present is a dream of that sort, and despite all the skill with which the spectator is led gradually from the waking world to the sleeping one, it would all be in vain if he did not recognize the dream logic, just as he does, for example, when Alice's card-player judges suddenly rise into the air to come tumbling about her head. As one watches the creeping helplessness gradually paralyze the victim, one remembers that one has felt sometime and somewhere the same horror in one's own soul.

Miss George gives an almost perfect performance, full of quiet dignity, and Henry Daniell, as the suave usurper, is a terrifying presence by virtue of a certain unassuming assurance which makes his incredible behavior seem almost matter-of-fact. Incidentally, I think that the dramatist was wise in breaking the spell as the curtain goes down. The audience gasps with relief and the nightmare is over. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Art

Industrial Art in Eclipse

AT Rockefeller Center, in New York, is an "art in industry" show which carries national interest for two reasons. The first is that it displays for the first time the widely publicized model of Frank Lloyd Wright's scheme for "Broadacre City." The second is that the show as a whole is a failure, in a manner that shows clearly the pitfalls and problems that beset "industrial art."

The show is a failure for a very simple reason. It resembles a theatrical performance during which the peanut vendors work full time. Thus, even though President Roosevelt pushed the button and the Mayor opened the show, all their diplomatic agility might have been strained in explaining the presence of some of the exhibits as any kind of art. On display were such things as ordinary colored postcards like the merchandise of Sixth Avenue; there were also sewing machines that you would hide in your own home if you had to have them there at all; there were glass jars disfigured by thick drooping paint; there was "Texas candy" urged on you by aggressive salesmen; there were insurance booths, and also the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," where the salesman first attempted the explanation that "books in the home were art, weren't they," and ended more candidly by declaring that his company follows all the shows. Then there were the cases strayed from some good technical exhibit, which showed all the products made out of a single material, including as I remember it, a set of real false teeth; there was the familiar police map showing movements of radio cars; and so through the range of a miniature Chicago Fair.

Did Mr. Bement, director of the National Alliance of Art and Industry, and Mr. Harvey Wiley Corbett, who designed

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the show, really believe that all this was exemplary "industrial art"? Most of the worst stuff was simply so much paid space, like advertisements in a magazine; but in this instance there was not even the discrimination employed by a newspaper like, say, the New York *American,* which at least lets the reader distinguish between advertising matter and the publisher's text. As for the better-known designers, after their experiences of last year with the same show they joined together this year in a public protest and refused to contribute. That such men as Norman-Bel Geddes and Donald Deskey signed this declaration indicates that it was prompted by no impractical idealism. And incidentally, as evidence of the cautious state of current industrial-art reviewing in the press, Mr. Story in the Sunday *Times* neglected to mention that such a protest had been made.

Now Mr. Bement's job as director of the National Alliance is a necessary and not an easy one. Industrial art today is art that has to be sold. The industrial designer is therefore engaged in a perpetual battle. Refusing to work for industrialists he would lose access to the indispensable tools for any significant work; but let him cringe before his employers or clients and he loses all that he might call his art. In such a position he needs a business representative with a bold front. Let this representative, in a sumptuous office, talk to business men in the name of art like a Dutch uncle. Otherwise the representative is worse than useless. Particularly when it comes to any kind of exhibition setting up standards, the ruler must be the designer, not the business man.

The reason why "industrial art" is so often found cringing is that it neglects the real motives that lead the business man to art, when he ever comes. The unflattering assumption is made that it is done entirely for profits. Experience would seem to indicate otherwise. If one checked the list of business firms for which the dissenting artists have done work, would one not find most of them in that strong position where immediate profits are not crucial, and where there is room for the pursuit of "prestige"? Or are they not in the hands of owners who possess some taste themselves? Pride calls to pride.

Such a view of the industrial artist might seem to run counter to the idea of "functionalism," yet this is an omnibus idea, and at bottom, however the artist strives to interpret the common need, the sense of fitness that dictates his decisions is his own. On narrow grounds of functionalism the finest exhibit in Mr. Bement's collection would have to be omitted, namely, the model of a proposed "Broadacre City" by Frank Lloyd Wright and his apprentices at Taliesin. The subject is a separate one, but the model is commended for serious study to all who have a chance to see it.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

Puppets—Two Styles

AMONG the more melancholy developments of the current season has been the deterioration of that once internationally applauded screen idol, Mickey Mouse, into something like an international bore. That the applause with which his familiar outline is now greeted is no longer notable either for its spontaneity or its volume is not a mere theory but an increasingly more evident fact. It is a fact which anyone with half an ear for such things can easily check up on this week at the Rivoli, where his newest vehicle seems to provide very little by way of relief for an audience just exposed to the unwholesome terrors of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Theory enters only if one inquires into the reason for this sad declension from the state of popular grace. Of course it may only be that Mickey Mouse is paying the penalty of all idols who fail to endow their public appearances with the virtue of rarity. It may be that he has not given sufficient heed to the psychological law which tells us that the intensity of a response is in inverse ratio to its frequency. But such an explanation does not happen to apply to the equally noticeable decline in the response to other Walt Disney cartoon features, which have not appeared with the same mechanical regularity. The latest in the Disney technicolor series, it must be reported, succeeded not at all in lightening the dense ecclesiastical fog which settled over the Radio City Music Hall last week. No more than Mickey Mouse's troubles with his new kangaroo does its story of the kitten who runs away to become a robber impress the adult spectator as being anything more than a rather pointless interruption of the program.

To those who have followed this column's advice to lose no time in seeing "The Youth of Maxim" at the Cameo, the short subject "Singing Puppets" on the same bill will already have suggested a possibly more satisfactory explanation for the waning interest of the American cartoon film. Here are all the freshness and charm and ingenuity of the cartoon, strengthened and sharpened by a clearly defined satirical intention: a burlesque of "Carmen" by two puppets of such invertebrate flabbiness that their slightest collapse is a hilarious commentary on the romantic spirit; a sentimental duet between two wooden figures as baldly abstract as billiard balls; a White Russian gypsy-song, full of wild Oriental melancholy, rendered by a couple of dilapidated poodles. It is true that the puppet-show has its own long tradition and is not exactly the same thing as a cartoon picture. But these two forms of stylized expression are enough alike to suggest that it is perhaps because the American cartoon has more recently forgotten to add some point to its fantasy that it is losing its hold on its audience. Mickey Mouse has not done well to shed the mantle of wistful quixotism which he inherited from his comic-strip ancestor, Krazy Kat, and Mr. Disney has failed to remember that "Three Little Pigs," which was the most successful of his creations, was also the most allegorical.

Possibly the revival of "Les Misérables" at this time may be explained as an attempt to divert attention from more pressing contemporary concerns, and that of "Cardinal Richelieu" as a means of throwing out a little historical encouragement to the Coughlinites. But the support or denial of such theories would take us very far afield. What both pictures quite magnificently illustrate is the present reduced state of the Hollywood imagination. The first of them undoubtedly suffers the more from the dated quality of its theme. It is a little hard, in view of the current uncertainty as to what society is or may be, to extract much authentic interest from the story of a man who refuses to pay his debt to society. And it requires a greater actor than Fredric March to make such a man seem even momentarily credible. The real interest of the film is supplied by Charles Laughton, who has wisely discarded the socks of Ruggles for the more appropriate buskins of Javert. In his treatment of this somewhat vaguely delineated character he makes the most of his brilliant gift for portraying the sinister and evil. The effect of "Cardinal Richelieu" is of a high-school pageant for which, by some unhappy inspiration, an accomplished actor from the professional stage has been recruited for the occasion. As the wily Renaissance prelate of Bulwer-Lytton's melodramatic fancy, George Arliss gives one of the suavest impersonations in his gallery. Like Mickey Mouse, Mr. Arliss has perhaps appeared too often for his own good; but his performance in this film is on as high a plane as he has ever reached on stage or screen.

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